The Outlook

OCTOBER 29, 1919

THE LABOR CRISIS AND THE PEOPLE

WHAT DOES THE PRESENT INDUSTRIAL CRISIS MEAN?

I—THE PRINTERS' STRIKE

AFTER a month's suspension of publication this issue of The Outlook for October 29 reaches our readers a little delayed and without the usual cover. Its publication is possible, not because there has been any yielding to the revolutionary and outlawed pressmen's unions of New York City, whose leaders have rebelled against the authority and explicit instructions of their National organization, but because it is manufactured by trade-union workmen who are loyal to their contracts and agreements and who have the authority and approval of their National body.

The story of this strike of the local pressmen's unions of New York City, which is primarily a strike not against their employers but against their superiors in organized labor, is briefly as follows.

Through demands for the substitution of a forty-four-hour week in place of a forty-eight-hour week and a large increase in the wage scale (the reduction of hours and the increase of wages imposing an addition of about sixty per cent in the cost of manufacture), two large and important local unions, Pressmen's Union No. 51 and Franklin Union No. 23, came into conflict with the National trade-union organization which is their superior authority.

The National organizations agreed with the employers that the forty-four-hour week is to be introduced on May 1, 1921, and that the increased wage scale is to be a matter either of further conference or of arbitration. Although the employers have made two substantial increases in wages during the past two years to meet the pressure of the high cost of living, they offered to make an immediate increase of six dollars a week in all scales of payments, on the forty-eight-hour basis, with provision in the contract for readjustment of the wage scale each six months on the cost-of-living basis.

The pressmen's local unions, No. 51 and No. 23, refused to acknowledge the authority of their National organization and persisted in their demands. Thereupon the National leaders advised the employing printers to have no further dealings with the local pressmen until they reinstated themselves in their National body under other local leaders in new local unions which the National body is now organizing.

The employing printers had no choice but to accept this situation, and on October 1 refused to deal with the local pressmen until they complied with the requirements of the National organization.

The strike is therefore not a contest between employers and workers on the question of antagonism to trade unions, but is a struggle between revolutionary radicals in local bodies who are flouting the regularly constituted trade-union authority of a National organization which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

The Outlook was compelled to suspend publication under these conditions. It could not do otherwise if it would. It would not do otherwise if it could. For, as it has often said, collective bargaining —that is to say, agreements and contracts between employers and organized labor under the principles of arbitration and conference—must be the very foundation stone of American industry.

The leaders of the local unions, Pressmen's Union No. 51 and Franklin Union No. 23, have denounced arbitration, contracts, and agreements on the ground, which they have publicly professed, that arbitration and contracts prevent unions from striking at short notice on whatever pretext they choose; and have themselves been denounced as enemies of organized labor by the National unions, including the American Federation of Labor.

The National trade-union leaders in the printing trade, Major Berry and Mr. Scott, have said that the leaders of the rebelling local unions will never be taken back into the National organization, because they are trying, not to help but to ruin industry and to substitute soviet methods of government for the American principles of loyalty to contracts and obedience to properly constituted representative authority chosen by majority vote.

There can be no such thing as industrial democracy until the democratic principle of majority rule and respect for administrative authorities chosen by a free ballot is adhered to.

The best and clearest-thinking trade-unionists recognize this. Two recent instances in the printers' strike in this city confirm this statement.

Although as a body the publishers and employing printers of New York City have made great sacrifices in this struggle for principle, two large firms recently yielded completely to the demands of the outlawed local pressmen's union. In one case, when the striking pressmen returned to work after having their demands granted, the electrotypers walked out because they refused to work with pressmen who were violating trade-union agreements. In the other case, that of a firm doing a large amount of work for the New York City Government, the International Printing Trades Council told the firm that if it persisted in employing the rebelling pressmen the firm's union label would be taken away and the city would be in the position of having its printing done by non-union labor. In other words, the action of the local pressmen has been repudiated by their fellow-workmen.

The Outlook wishes to record here its sense of appreciation of the sound Americanism of such trade-union leaders as the President and Vice-President of the National Pressmen's Union, Major Berry and Mr. McHugh, who in this struggle are championing the fundamental principles of democracy in the field of labor.

Inasmuch as the conflict between the local unions and their National officers is not yet settled, The Outlook cannot guarantee that there may not be further delay or interruption in its publication. But it will do its best to carry out its contracts and agreements with its subscribers and advertisers.

II—AMERICAN INDUSTRY IN A STATE OF WAR

"LOOK over the country to-day. What do you see? Strikes! Strikes! Nothing but strikes! You are on strike. The steel workers are on strike. The expressmen are on strike. The lumbermen are on strike. The bricklayers are on strike. The carpenters are on strike. The tailors are on strike. Every industry is tied up with strikes. The coal-miners will have a general strike on November 1. The railway workers may break out any day against the Government anti-strike law."

This is a vivid and substantially true picture of the industrial condition in America as it has developed while The Outlook itself has been kept from publication by what amounts to a strike. That picture is none the less vivid and none

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the less true because it has been drawn by one who thinks it is beautiful. It is from a "proclamation" addressed "to the striking longshoremen" and "issued by the Communist party of America."

Everywhere strikes. One member of The Outlook's staff engaged in the preparation of facts for the statement here read found the restaurant to which he went for luncheon picketed by striking waitresses. It is a common sight in New York to see men walking up and down the sidewalk with placards bearing the word "striker" stuck in their hats, as if it were something to be proud of. The strike has become an epidemic. Men strike without knowing why. The strike fever is in the air. At the very period of the world's history when production is needed as never before men and women in scores and hundreds of industries are seized with a sort of industrial paralysis and stop producing. Of course there are reasons for this epidemic of strikes, just as there are reasons for other epidemics; but thousands of those who are victims of the epidemic do not themselves know the reason.

The Coal Strike. Of all the strikes that occurred or have been threatened none has aroused such alarm, none seemed so likely to involve such suffering, as that of the bituminous-coal miners. Not only are the households of many sections of the country dependent on a supply of bituminous coal, but also the industries and the railways throughout the land. It is estimated that supplies of coal now in reserve could be made to last from thirty to forty-five days. After that, if no more coal were mined, railways would cease running, factories would shut down, and thousands of households would be without the fuel to keep people warm during the winter. If, therefore, mines were idle for more than a month, the effect would be worse than that of the most terrible war in history upon invaded France. To permit such a thing to happen because of an industrial dispute would prove the Nation incapable of self-government. It is not likely to happen; but it is not impossible that there will be widespread inconvenience, and even suffering, unless the dispute between the mine owners and the mine workers is promptly adjusted.

Until this strike was called, to begin on November 1, the miners were working under a wage agreement made with the sanction of the United States Fuel Administration. This agreement was to continue in operation during the war, with the proviso that it was not to extend automatically beyond the first of next April. The miners, in a convention held on September 23, declared that all contracts, including of course this agreement, were to be considered as expiring November 1. They made demands for an increase in wages of about sixty per cent and a reduction of the week's working hours to thirty. They furthermore instructed the officers of the United Mine Workers of America, which is the miners' union, to call a strike to begin on November 1 unless satisfactory agreements with the mine owners were secured in the meantime.

In taking this action the miners have laid themselves open to the charge of breaking the agreement they have made. Until the Peace Treaty goes into effect and peace has been promulgated the state of war continues. The mine owners have offered to submit their controversy to arbitration; but the miners have refused to have the matter arbitrated. It is true that the miners have declared that the war is practically over, and that therefore their agreement which was to continue during the war no longer holds; but this is at best a debatable question. By refusing to submit even this question to arbitration the miners have put themselves in the wrong. Wholly apart, therefore, from the issue raised by the demands themselves, which seem on their face altogether unreasonable, the miners have shown an arbitrary spirit and a flippant disregard of the sacredness of contracts. Representatives of the mine workers and mine owners met in Washington in conference with the Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson, but after several days of discussion failed to reach any agreement. The miners declared themselves willing to continue negotiations, but refused arbitration. The mine owners declared that they were willing to submit the whole question to arbitration, but that it was useless to continue negotiating with men who were willing neither to keep their agreement nor even to submit to arbitration the question whether they should be required to keep it or not. So the conference broke up without reaching any conclusion. At this point the President intervened with a statement giving the facts, expressing no opinion on the merits of the controversy, but requesting "both the National and local officers and individual members of the United Mine Workers of America to recall all orders looking to a strike on November 1, and to take whatever steps necessary to prevent any stoppage of work." He directed the attention of the people to the fact that this strike occurs at a time "when the world is still in suspense as to negotiations for peace, when our troops are still being transported, and when their transport is in urgent need of fuel;" that, moreover, it comes at a time when the Government is making the most earnest effort to reduce the cost of living, and when the cutting off of the fuel supply would reduce production and increase distress.

Not all the miners in the bituminous fields are organized. It is therefore possible that some mines will continue in operation after November 1; but the supply of coal from them cannot be made to meet the need of the Nation.

The question is not as to the merits of the miners' demands; it is the simple and elementary question of observing agreements. The miners will not even submit to arbitration the question whether the circumstances which have arisen should relieve them of the promises they have made. The strike order is a defiance of the American public and a challenge to all the people.

In arguing on behalf of the men, John L. Lewis, Acting President of the union, has blamed the mine operators because they have not offered any constructive measure. In declaring this he has ignored the fact that the mine operators have offered arbitration. He has cited facts to show that the demands of the miners are not unreasonable—that, for instance, their wages average only seventy-five dollars a month, and that the shorter working day and shorter working week will only distribute over the year the days in which men under present conditions are idle. In arguing thus he entirely ignores the real question which lies behind the demands of the miners—the question of the observance of contracts. By their acts the miners have forfeited the sympathy of the public.

Attorney-General Palmer has reiterated the statement of the President that the miners' strike is illegal, inasmuch as under the Food and Fuel Control Act Congress made it unlawful for any concerted action to be made by two or more persons to limit the facilities of transportation and production, or to restrict the supply and distribution of fuel. He declares that the Department of Justice has enforced this statute in many cases, and hopes that it will not be necessary to do so in this case.

The whole power of the Nation must be utilized, if need be, to see that its fuel supply is not cut off and that the men who mine the coal that the Nation needs keep to their word.

The Steel Strike. Of the unnumbered, and apparently innumerable, strikes throughout the country during October there was one that stood unique as involving the major part of an entire industry. This was the steel strike, which began on September 22. Before the first week of that strike was over one point was established. The organizers of the strike declared that by calling the men out they were going to prove that they represented the workers in the industry. They have failed to prove it. Though many thousands of the steel workers quit, a large number of them quit unwillingly, and others quit because their jobs ceased when their mates left off working; and still others by hundreds stayed at home because they feared violence. The strikers claimed that from three hundred and twenty-five thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand men went out, and that the same number of men were still out over a month after the strike had begun. By no means all of the men, however, in the steel industry left work. Employers claim that some plants are running with fifty per cent of their normal force, some seventy-five per cent, and some with full strength.

Of course the strike has crippled steel manufacturing, because in so highly organized an industry no part can be put

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out of action without affecting in some degree every other part. In spite, however, of the strike, the steel industry has continued throughout the month to limp along fairly well.

During the course of the strike there has been some violence. At Gary, Indiana, where disorder could not be held in check by the local police or the militia, Federal troops were sent under the command of General Wood. The troops of course have taken no side in the struggle, and apparently have not encountered the animosity that the local police or the militia have. Though some of the extreme radicals have tried to excite hostility to the Government by misrepresenting the use of troops as an attempt to suppress the workers, there are indications that even the men on strike regard the soldiers as protectors of their interests as well as of the public's.

Strike leaders have complained that the right of free assemblage and free speech has been denied in certain districts where men are on strike. There have also been bitter attacks upon the State Police in Pennsylvania. Inasmuch as labor leaders generally have been unfortunately undiscriminating in their hostility towards State Police, the charges of strike leaders are largely discredited.

Arguing in support of the strike before the Senate Committee that has been investigating the steel strike, Mr. Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, declared that W. Z. Foster, the most conspicuous of the steel strike leaders, had been converted from the revolutionary syndicalism that he formerly preached. Inasmuch, however, as Mr. Foster had frankly announced his intention of converting the American Federation of Labor to revolutionary doctrine by "boring from within," Mr. Gompers's testimony has not changed the general opinion that the steel strike has been engineered, not for the purpose of improving labor conditions, but for the purpose of revolutionizing industry. That the strikers have failed to receive the sympathy of the public was early evident. Radical leadership, which has brought about a decrease of production at a time when increase is desperately needed, is bringing the whole cause of organized labor into disfavor.

Strikes in Greater New York. One day—October 13—it was reported, on the authority of the Secretary of the Central Federated Union of Greater New York, composed of local unions affiliated under the American Federation of Labor, that there were 220,000 workers out of work within the area of Greater New York, either because they were striking themselves or because the strikes of other men had thrown them out of work. Even within such a limited area of this country it is impossible to get exact information concerning strikes. From the most authoritative sources of information accessible, we conclude that there were at the beginning of the last week in October at least 118,000, probably more, wage-earners on strike in Greater New York, and that the total number of people out of work as a result of strikes at one time or another during October in this one city and its port considerably exceeds a quarter of a million. Some of these are the following:

Longshoremen (out since Oct. 8)	60,000
Pressmen and feeders (out since Oct. 1)	4,600
Laundry workers (out since Oct. 6)	10,000
Millinery workers (out since Sept. 15)	16,000[1]
Piano makers (out since Oct. 1)	10,000
Journeymen tailors (out since Sept. 7)	3,000[2]
Ash-can makers (out since Sept.)	1,000
Chandelier makers (out for several weeks)	650
Micrometer workers—highly skilled (out since Sept. 28)	175
Box makers and sawyers (out since Sept. 2)	700
Paper-box makers (out for several weeks)	5,000[3]
Expressmen	5,000
Cigar-makers	15,000
Coppersmiths	1,000
Ship-builders	3,000
Building trade	25,000
Mattress-makers	500

[1] Forty per cent women.
[2] 150 of them women.
[3] Thirty per cent women.

How many other workers were on strike during this period it is impossible to ascertain. Scores of little strikes have been occurring of which no record has been made. Estimates of these unclassified workers on strike at different times in Greater New York alone have varied from 7,000 to 50,000.

To state the number of strikers out or workers idle conveys, however, no idea of the injury which a strike causes. It is not that so many people are idle and receiving no income, it is not even that those on strike alone are failing to produce the goods which mankind needs or are failing, to distribute them where they are needed, that is the only evil; in addition there is the evil that comes from stopping or clogging the whole machinery of productive industry. For example, the strike of the longshoremen has disarranged world commerce. On one day it was estimated that there were 495 vessels in New York Harbor that could not move because the longshoremen refused to work and were making it dangerous for others to work. Not only did this mean that there were some 25,000 people in New York City waiting for vessels bound for Europe or South America; it also meant that there were goods and mail piled up in New York Harbor and elsewhere awaiting shipment.

Strikes in Various Parts of the Country. How many strikes there are in the country it is impossible to tell with any accuracy. Indeed, the situation changes kaleidoscopically. The disease that has struck our industrial life breaks out in one place as it subsides in another; one strike is scarcely over when another one begins. On the Pacific coast there was during October a tailors' strike, which by the end of the month was in process of mediation. In Los Angeles the street and interurban railway employees were on a strike. In Seattle there has been a serious building-trade controversy which was on the verge of becoming a strike at any moment. Throughout the country some ten strikes broke out in the small packing-houses. In Massachusetts there have been strikes in two shoe factories, involving perhaps twenty-five hundred people. In Philadelphia there have been a number of small strikes. In Norfolk, Richmond, Petersburg, and Portsmouth, Virginia, there was a strike on the street-car lines, which was settled in the third week of the month. There was also a settlement of a strike in Butte, Great Falls, and Anaconda, Montana, which had continued since July, and of the copper-miners in Ducktown, Tennessee.

Just before the middle of the month there were, according to the Division of Conciliation of the United States Department of Labor, sixty-two strikes in various parts of the country which were at that time unadjusted. Of course these were in addition to unnumbered smaller strikes.

The Need for Americanism. Experience has shown that no class or group within the community can be trusted to exercise great power without restraint. When the abuse of power by capital became intolerable, the American people roused themselves and put that power under control. Now certain leaders and organizations of labor are attempting to exercise similar power; and in their turn they must learn that the people, not any groups within the people, shall be supreme.

This is the issue raised by revolutionary leaders and by the mass strike. The object of these leaders in calling such strikes is not primarily to raise the wages or better the conditions of the workers, but to coerce the public by making whole communities so uncomfortable that they will bring pressure to bear on employers to yield to these revolutionary leaders' demands.

The issue thus raised is the ancient one of the right of the majority to protect itself.

It is imperative that the people should equip themselves with laws and especially put into authority officials that will maintain this right. Legislative representatives who refuse to pass laws for the protection of this right because they fear the so-called labor vote are false representatives and should be turned out. Executive officers in State or Nation who are timid or vacillating or incompetent in enforcing the laws that exist are as dangerous to the public as cowardly or incompetent officers in battle are dangerous to an army, and they should be replaced by men who can and will act.

But, more than that, labor men, especially newcomers to this country, who are not inheritors of its traditions of liberty and law, should not be left to be the prey of revolutionary agitators and

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propagandists. The American people must awaken to the necessity of carrying on a counter-propaganda of Americanism. It is an elementary and self-evident truth that the preservation of American ideals depends upon the acceptance everywhere of the principle that above the interests of any individual or group or class is the welfare of the Nation as a whole.

III—THE INDUSTRIAL DEADLOCK

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON BY GREGORY MASON

Hopes that something constructive would come out of the Labor Conference called by the President to meet in Washington in October were destroyed when the Conference broke up on October 23 without accomplishing anything. The following account of the Conference by The Outlook's Staff Correspondent, Mr. Mason, was written before the Conference ended. That fact makes it of all the more interest, because it gives a graphic impression of just that lack of united patriotic effort that led to the Conference's dissolution. Many of the labor representatives insisted that the Conference attempt not merely to reach a general plan by which industrial peace should be attained, but also to agree upon a plan for settling the steel strike. Aside from any specific demands of this sort made in the Conference, many of the delegates in the employers' group felt that the general proposal of the labor group implied a demand for such a plan. The refusal of the employers' group to indorse the resolution on which both the labor group and the public group agreed resulted in the decision of the labor group to leave the Conference. The discussion centered about the phrase "collective bargaining." The employers fought for a definition of collective bargaining which would permit any group of laborers, whether they belonged to unions or not, to make agreements with employers. And some of the employers went still further in insisting that the Conference should recognize the right of employers to deal with individual workmen. It was because of the complete division on this point that the labor group left the Conference.

The fundamental error in the Conference was the division of it into three groups. By the segregation of employers and labor men from each other and from the public a class division was recognized when it was of the utmost importance that every employer and every labor man should have been made to feel that he was an American first.—THE EDITORS.

"NOTHING to nothing in the ninth and nobody at bat" is the way one of the delegates representing the public has described the situation in the Industrial Conference at Washington as this is written.

Unkind though it may seem, this is not far from an accurate summary of the efforts of the men and women representing the public, the employers, and the employees of the country who have been meeting at the President's summons "for the purpose of reaching, if possible, some common ground of agreement and action with regard to the future conduct of industry." One has only to look in on a single session of the Conference to realize its difficulties. At one of three long tables in the high white assembly hall of the Pan-American Building are the men who represent the employers of the United States. At a second table are the selected spokesmen of the American Federation of Labor. They wear the same determined look which you see on the faces of the employers, and they are just about as well dressed. Samuel Gompers is here. He looks like a dignified old Indian, and he says "ain't." The third table is lined by men who look as if they had been chosen from the other two, and, indeed, there are representatives of both capital and labor in the public group. Here are Bernard Baruch and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., financiers who walk to the Conference from their hotels, while the labor delegates ride; and here are Charles Edward Russell and John Spargo, Socialists. Here is Charles W. Eliot, who at eighty-five has as keen a mind as the youngest man at his table, and here is Judge E. H. Gary, with the grim eye, high cheek-bones, and facial immobility of Victoriano Huerta.

Some one of the public group rises and reads a proposal from manuscript. Some one from the employers' group takes the floor declaring that his people could never accept such a proposition, and submitting another proposal. Whereat some one from the labor group rises to protest that the employees could never tolerate the suggestion made by the representative of capital. A weary, baffled look is seen on the face of Secretary Lane, the Chairman of the Conference. A motion is made to adjourn in order that the proposals may be threshed out by the General Committee of Fifteen, composed of five delegates from each of the three groups. The Conference adjourns after sitting only fifteen minutes.

This sort of thing has gone on day after day until one can hardly find fault with the Washington wag who said, "The best thing this Conference does is to adjourn." The truth is that the difficulties in the way of the organization and procedure of the Conference are tremendous. A heterogeneous body of men and women of all shades of political opinion, and, in the main, with little experience in parliamentary procedure, is called together and expected to do in a few days or weeks what experts would hardly attempt without a year or two of preliminary study and planning.

The first thing the Conference did was to appoint a General Committee of Fifteen and adopt the resolution that "all matters presented to the Conference . . . shall be considered, without further act of the Conference, as referred to the General Committee for its consideration." However, it was also agreed "that no communication shall be reported from any committee with recommendations unless such recommendations are concurred in by a majority of each group recommended in such committee." This rule that the Conference may not act without the majority support of all three parties to it seems thoroughly sound, but it is this rule which has prevented the Conference from obtaining concrete results. Time and again the public group and the labor group have been in agreement, only to have action blocked by the employers' group. Occasionally the employers' group and the public group have favored action which the labor delegates have blocked. But it is noteworthy that in the main the public group by a majority vote has on most propositions lined up with the employees rather than with the employers. The question of collective bargaining is a good illustration of this. The employers have held out for their right to refuse to deal with labor delegates chosen by their employees from outside the particular shop in which controversy may arise. The public group have supported the labor men in their contention that the employees in any plant have a right to be represented by whomsoever they may choose as spokesman, whether he is actually employed in that plant or not.

The chief obstacle to an agreement springs from the fact that the representatives at the Conference are essentially delegates. That is, they are there to represent constituencies which know pretty definitely what they want and which are not ready to make very large concessions. On the whole, the representatives of labor seem to have gone to the Conference with a clearer idea of just what they wanted than the representatives of capital. But neither group has gone to Washington with very much of the conciliatory spirit. Both the employers and the employees have been too much interested in some of the immediate conflicts in industry, such as the steel strike, and too little interested in working out general principles for the conduct of industry which will secure justice for all.

The Industrial Conference looks like a peace conference after an indecisive war. There is war in the eye of Gompers, there is war in the eye of Gary. Both labor and capital want war. The Industrial Conference labors under the same difficulties which would have handicapped a peace conference between the Allies and the Teutonic Powers in the summer of 1917.

With this situation confronting them, the delegates representing the public have been too much inclined to play the rôle of mediators and too little inclined to assert the rights of the public as aggressively as the other two groups have asserted the rights of capital and labor respectively.

As this is written, only the letter dictated by President Wilson from his sickbed has prevented the dissolution of the Conference.

Even if the predictions of pessimists

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

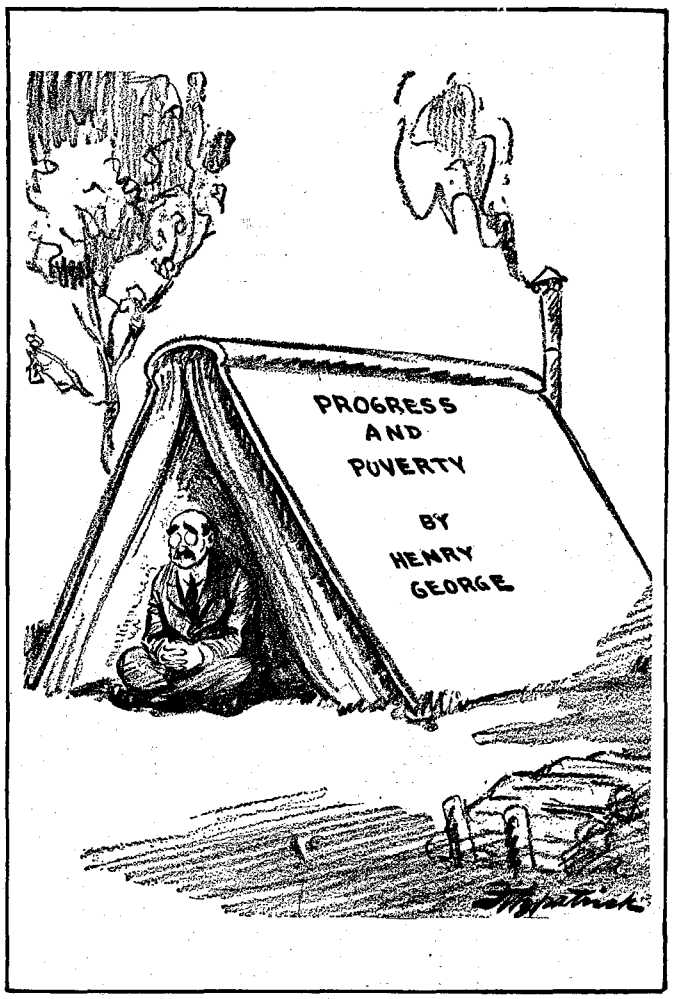
Kirby in the New York World

A PRIVATE WAR AT PUBLIC EXPENSE

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



IF RENTS GO HIGHER

From the Passing Show (London)

"What d'ye suppose her gross tonnage is, Bert?"

Chilcot in Blighty (London)

UNEMPLOYMENT PAY

"And how are your two daughters getting on, Mrs. Miggs?"
"Oh! I'm pleased to say they are both still out of work."

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should be fulfilled and the Conference should dissolve without having agreed on anything, it still cannot be said that no good has been accomplished. The meeting of men of such widely divergent views as John Spargo and Judge Gary is bound to be good for both. One of the most interesting features of the Conference, incidentally, is the way in which the attitude of other members of the public group has changed toward Mr. Spargo. At the outset, men like Gary and even men like Baruch were inclined to regard him with some suspicion. The proposals which he made seemed sane enough, but were rejected on the fear that there was in them some hidden trap, some cunning device for committing the whole group to Socialism. But gradually Mr. Spargo's colleagues have come to appreciate that he is in some ways the ablest man in the group. He is now consulted on nearly everything and sits always beside the Chairman at the head of the table in order that his advice on knotty questions of parliamentary procedure may be always available.

The Industrial Conference has had not a little value as a mirror. It reflects conditions in the country at large so that all may see who choose to look. I think the three most interesting things reflected in this mirror are the following:

First, there still exists a not inconsiderable body of capitalists in this country who have learned nothing from the industrial stress of the past twenty or thirty years. Judge Gary belongs to this group. The picture he presented in the session of the afternoon of October 20 was rather pitiful. He had just returned to Washington from New York, where, it was understood, he had consulted with some of the best financial minds in the country. He had asked permission to present a statement of his views to the Conference, and it was generally expected that this statement would contain something new, something stimulating, something constructive. Instead, he read what was virtually a repetition of a private letter he had written more than a month before, a mere statement of his unwillingness to arbitrate the steel strike and of his belief in the open shop.

The second conclusion to which one is impelled by a study of the Industrial Conference is that the effect of the activities and whole attitude of "Reds" like William Z. Foster and reactionaries like Judge Gary is much the same. There is a Bolshevism of the extreme right no less than a Bolshevism of the extreme left. Neither the Reds nor the reactionaries know much economics. Neither the Reds nor the reactionaries care much for the public interest. The important thing to note just now is that the tendency, if not the deliberate purpose, of the ultra-conservatives is to inflame the ultra-radicals. And unconsciously they are strengthening the Reds.

In the third place, the most comforting conclusion to which one can turn from a contemplation of the Industrial Conference is that the public really holds the ultimate power if it cares to exercise it. The group representing the public at the Conference has not yet asserted itself fully. But it has given evidence of what the public might do if it should become at all conscious of its own power in resisting dictation from either capital or labor. It is extremely unlikely that the Industrial Conference will end the class war between labor and capital which is now going on or will prevent the intensification of that struggle which seems impending, but it has given an encouraging evidence of the existence in this country of a great body of fair-minded men and women who are bound by hard and fast obligations to neither capital nor labor, and who can be depended on in any crisis when the broader interests of the country are threatened by the narrow ambitions of any class. That those interests are now so threatened there is no question. One of the farmer delegates was right when he said to me, "The whole country is headed for a smash-up." It behooves Americans to go about solving the problem created by the industrial war with the same intelligence and determination with which they went at the problem created by our declaration of war against Germany.

Washington, D. C., October 22, 1919.

IV—INCORPORATE THE TRADE UNIONS

THE primary and indispensable foundation stone of justice, freedom, and individual liberty in a democracy is law and order. And yet it is more difficult to establish and maintain it in a democracy than in any other form of government. For in a democracy it must be brought about by the voluntary and concerted action of all the people, or at least of a strong majority of the people, while in a military autocracy it can be maintained by the physical power of the despotic minority. Mobocracy and autocracy are both forms of despotism and are equally antagonistic to a democratic system. As De Tocqueville said, "The yoke of servitude is no easier to the neck when held there by a million hands than when held by one." Group, class, or mob warfare, if persisted in, inevitably results in the destruction of democracy, for "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

Industrially the American people are living to-day in a condition of class warfare. Skirmishes and pitched battles are being fought all over the country in this war, the two parties to which are organized capital and organized labor. Neither party can be absolutely destroyed without destroying the very structure of American society. What, then, is to be the final outcome? Is the war to be persisted in until we all go down together in inextricable ruin, or is there some basis of settlement by which the rights of both parties can be preserved and society can again devote itself to the work of fostering and developing productive industry for the benefit of all?

The American who wishes to come to a reasonable conclusion on these great problems must, first of all, form some clear conception of the development of democracy among English-speaking peoples. The history of English-speaking democracy naturally falls into four great divisions. They are, in the order of their development, political democracy, religious democracy, educational democracy, and industrial democracy.

Modern political democracy, or "government of the people, by the people, for the people," had its first root and beginning in Magna Charta, was permanently established in this country by the American Revolution, and was revivified and reinforced by the Civil War. It does not mean that every man shall be a ruler, but that every man shall have a free opportunity to express his choice as to those who shall rule him.

Religious democracy, so far as modern civilization is concerned, was established by the Reformation, which was really a social rather than a theological struggle. It means, not that every man shall be a minister or bishop, but that every man shall have a free opportunity to express his choice as to his minister or bishop.

Educational democracy is the one original and unique contribution which this country has made to the development of democratic principles. It began with the foundation a hundred years ago of the American public school system. It means, not that every man shall be a high school principal or a college president or a member of a Board of Education, but that he shall have a free opportunity to express his choice as to these educational rulers and his opinion as to the standards of education that shall universally prevail.

These three forms of democracy are pretty well established and very generally recognized. The American people are at present engaged in a struggle to make equally clear and firm the principles of industrial democracy. This does not mean that every man shall be president of a railway or of a manufacturing corporation, but it does mean that every man shall have a free opportunity to express his choice as to conditions under which he works, and for the general laws and regulations which must govern industry in a civilized community.

It may be fairly said that fifty years ago so-called American "captains of industry" were despots; often benevolent, high-minded, and well-intentioned, but nevertheless despots. They conducted American industry upon two principles which were inimical to social welfare, namely, "Charge all the traffic will bear" and "Combine for profit in restraint of trade." After twenty years of discussion and agitation the American democracy, in

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the Inter-State Commerce Law of 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1891, said to organized capital, You shall neither charge all the traffic will bear nor combine for profit in restraint of trade, and organized capitalists must submit themselves to the superior authority, regulation, and control of the General Government. It was a hard and bitter fight, and the power of organized capital was so great that many men despaired of ever making it submit to law and order. But the reform was accomplished, and with it the very standards and spirit of organized capital in this country were changed. Men cannot be made virtuous by law, but certain standards can be set up by law to which men are compelled to conform, and habits which are at first compulsory become under practice voluntary. The result is that organized capital in the United States, having been put under democratic control and made to conform to the principles of law and order, is now itself, on the whole, democratic and orderly. It has grown to prefer arbitration, treaties, open and above-board diplomacy, and judicial procedure to warfare.

What has been the history of organized labor, the other party to the present industrial strife? In the early part of the nineteenth century labor was forced to make war upon despotic capital in self-defense. Less than a century ago a law of England made it a penal offense for workingmen to gather either publicly or privately for the purpose of conferring about wages and conditions of their work. But ultimately labor succeeded, by fighting, in creating the trade unions, which have grown to a position of great power in the English-speaking world. The trade unions are now to organized labor what the corporations are to organized capital. After a long and painful struggle they have reached the point which the American corporation reached fifty years ago, and are now, in many if not most cases, conducting their business upon the principles of "charging all the traffic will bear" and "combining for profit in restraint of trade"—principles which the American democracy compelled organized capital to abandon twenty years or more ago. Those who wish to destroy the trade unions are as out of harmony with American democratic principles and institutions as those who wish to destroy the industrial corporations. If capital may organize, labor may organize. But is it not perfectly clear that organizations of labor must be made amenable to the same laws of democratic governmental control and regulation which are applied to organizations of capital? Is it democratic justice to permit a trade union to charge all the traffic will bear and to combine for profit in restraint of trade while an association of stockholders is forbidden by law to do the same thing?

Labor cannot invoke the aid of Justice without accepting the conditions which Justice imposes. Therefore a primary step which the American democracy must take in endeavoring to settle the industrial warfare which threatens our National life is to insist upon the incorporation of the trade union, and thus to make its contracts inviolable under the law, to make its treasury susceptible of a judgment for damages awarded by a court of justice, and to forbid it from conspiring in restraint of trade.

This of course is not a new proposal. The trade unions have opposed it in the past because they did not wish to assume the responsibilities or duties of corporate entity. But is it fair that they should have the privileges and power of corporate institutions—that is to say, recognition and collective bargaining—without the legal responsibilities which should go with such corporate powers?

The incorporation of the trade unions would give to organized labor two great benefits which it has been struggling for many years to obtain by warfare, namely, the advantage of official and social recognition and the right of collective bargaining. Until the trade union is thus legally recognized as a factor in American industry and legally put under the regulation and control of the Government, the methods of profit-sharing, of shop councils, and of labor representatives on boards of directors, highly desirable as they are and forming perhaps the goal of that ultimate partnership which ought to be established between labor and capital, are only palliatives. For partnership and brotherhood and co-operation in any form of social activity can exist only under democratic law and order, for which it is futile to hope as long as the present state of industrial warfare continues.

THE HAPPENINGS OF A MONTH

FOR four weeks the publication of The Outlook has been suspended owing to a strike, not in The Outlook office, but in the pressrooms in which are printed most of the weekly and monthly publications of New York City. The most important events of those four weeks are connected with the industrial unrest prevailing throughout the country and are reported and interpreted elsewhere in this issue. Here we can only give very briefly such a record of other events as is necessary to preserve unbroken our current history of the world.

THE PRESIDENT'S ILLNESS

The illness of the President was unexpected but not unnatural. The burden of organizing this country for war, the sense of responsibility due to the knowledge that the peoples of Europe were looking to him personally to lead them toward peace, the feelings of disappointment and depression which at times he could not escape, the warm and sometimes acrimonious debate inevitable in a democratic country of independent thinkers, considering whether the country should enter upon a new and untried international path, combined to weigh upon him in a manner which even his intimates could hardly realize. While the reports of his physicians (now no longer to be issued daily) were necessarily brief, and while their brevity tended at first rather to increase than to lessen popular anxiety, the fact that at this writing he has issued a veto message to Congress affords reassuring evidence that his enforced rest has proved to be the medicine he needed, and to justify the hope that he may soon be able, both for his own sake and for the welfare of the country, to resume his place as the active head of the Nation's affairs.

THE TREATY IN THE SENATE

Slow as seems the progress of the United States Senate in debating and formulating its conclusions as to the Treaty of Peace and League of Nations, there was real progress in the month of October. When the Senate by a vote of 55 to 35 on October 15 defeated the attempt to deal with the Shantung matter by amendment, it established the position that reservations and not amendments were to be the practical course. The Shantung amendment was supported by 32 Republicans and 3 Democrats as against 14 Republicans and 41 Democrats. At the time it was pointed out that even the Shantung matter might be dealt with adequately by reservation; such, for instance, as Senator Lenroot proposed in the words, "The United States withholds its assent to Articles 156, 157, and 158, and reserves full liberty of action with respect to any controversy that may arise under such articles."

Senator Lodge and other Senators not of the mild reservationist type at once took the ground that if no amendments seemed advisable by the Senate, reservations drastic enough to secure American National rights and liberty of action should be adopted. The defeat in the Senate, therefore, of the Johnson amendment aiming to give equal voting power in the League's Assembly to the United States with Great Britain did not alarm the advocates of thoroughgoing reservations.

Meanwhile the Senate's Committee on Foreign Affairs has been redrafting the reservations which it will propose to the Senate to include in its final resolution giving its "advice and consent" to the Treaty if such a resolution is agreed upon. Fourteen such resolutions have been before the Committee, and nearly all of them have been agreed upon by a majority of the Committee. The proposed preamble reads as follows:

> The Committee reports the following reservations and understandings to be

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made a part and a condition of the resolution of ratification, which ratification is not to take effect or bind the United States until the said following reservations and understandings have been accepted as a part and a condition of said instrument of ratification by at least three of the four principal Allied and associated Powers, to wit: Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan.

When the series of reservations is taken up in its new form, those who wish neither to destroy the Treaty nor to adopt it without explicitly and in unmistakable terms securing American rights and liberty of action have strong hope that either through this programme entire or with modifications in the Senate itself a plan will result which will be voted for by two-thirds of the Senate. Senator Lodge has been reported as claiming that he can count fifty-five sure votes for a reasonable reservation programme and enough more Democratic votes on the final resolution to make the necessary two-thirds.

KING AND CARDINAL

At this writing the King of the Belgians and Cardinal Mercier are still both guests of the American people, who are not only giving them both a warm welcome, but are also now showing a disposition to help during the coming years by establishing the Cardinal Mercier Fund for Relief more firmly than ever, by rebuilding at a cost of half a million dollars the Louvain Library, and by opening great credits to Belgian industrialists and merchants.

These movements have been greatly stimulated by the presence in this country of the great prince of the Church and the great prince of the State. They are both also physically notable human figures, for Prelate and King are each over six feet tall. Both have journeyed westward, the King going to the Pacific coast, as he was anxious to repeat his visit there of 1898 and to show the region to his wife and son. Never has there been such a rain of university degrees as has come upon the Cardinal and the King, and this less because of their official eminence at home than because of the charm of their personality—simple, straightforward, human, dignified, but democratic.

LOSSES TO AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ART

Two recent deaths have left America poorer. Henry M. Alden had for fifty years been the successful editor of "Harper's Magazine," almost, if not quite, the oldest of existing American monthly magazines, the number of which is now truly legion. His sympathy for young writers made him many friends, and he knew how to reject a manuscript without making an enemy. He hunted for a new writer as a naturalist might for a new specimen, in the faith that "the greatest joy in the world to the reading public is to feel the first impact of a new personality."

Charles Lang Freer, of Detroit, was a notable collector of paintings. His art collection, offered some years ago to the Smithsonian Institution, is remarkable for its unique wealth in modern American painting, the inspiration of which he has shared with the general public. His history was characteristically American, for at the beginning of his industrial life in Indiana he was so poor that he had to cook his own meals.

SUPPORTING THE RED CROSS

The Third Red Cross call has been set for November 2–11. It is for the purpose of securing a general renewal of its vast membership and thereby to secure fifteen million dollars for its future work. In connection with this there has been issued a report by Mr. Henry P. Davison, the Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, giving a final survey of the Red Cross war work. The total amount of contributions in material and money made by the American people and expended by the American Red Cross is estimated at about four hundred million dollars, the number of Red Cross members at twenty million adults and eleven million children, while eight million workers were engaged in the Red Cross work and the relief articles produced by voluntary workers were over three hundred and seventy million. The Red Cross Base Hospitals now in America, established during the war, will be held intact for peace-time service and for special emergencies, and the League of Red Cross Societies is perfecting its organization and has already established headquarters at Geneva.

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT

Congress passed on October 10 a bill providing regulations for the enforcement of both war-time prohibition and the prohibition Constitutional amendment, the latter of which goes into effect on January 16. This bill the President vetoed on the ground that the bill had "to do with the enforcement of an Act which was passed by reason of the emergencies of the war and whose objects have been satisfied in the demobilization of the Army and Navy and whose repeal I have already sought at the hands of Congress. Where the purposes of particular legislation arising out of war emergency have been satisfied, sound public policy makes clear the reason and necessity for repeal." To this the President's critics reply that in describing the situation which would arise if a coal strike occurred the President has said: "The country is confronted with this prospect at a time when the war itself is still a fact, when the world is still in suspense as to negotiations for peace, when our troops are still being transported." This prohibition enforcement bill was promptly repassed over the President's veto by the House and Senate. It has come in for serious and just criticism from the National Civil Service Reform League on the ground that it exempts from the jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission "persons authorized to issue permits and agents and instructors in the field service" whose offices are created under this law.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WEEK

The week of October 20–27 was Roosevelt Week all over the country, and culminated in notable memorial exercises on October 27, the sixty-first anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth. The National Roosevelt Memorial Association, aided by State and local committees, carried on in this week a campaign to secure members and to raise a fund of $5,000,000 for permanent National memorials. The plans, although not completely formulated, were lately stated by ex-Senator Elihu Root to be:

First, to improve land at Oyster Bay for a Roosevelt Memorial Park.

Second, to erect a monumental memorial in Washington to rank with the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

Third, to establish a Roosevelt Foundation to carry on Colonel Roosevelt's spirit of Americanism and keep alive his uncompromising patriotism.

It is of immense significance to note that men of all parties and factions joined in the tributes to Mr. Roosevelt. Never in our history since Lincoln's death has there been such a universal outpouring of heartfelt admiration for an American statesman's nobility of character, stanchness, and patriotism.

UNIVERSITY ENDOWMENTS

A bright event, in a month in which has occurred much that is discouraging, is seen in the successful college drives. Harvard was the first to start a campaign for the raising of several million dollars as an addition to its unrestricted funds. It was soon followed by Princeton, by Cornell, by New York University, and by others. In these campaigns there has been not only emulation but intercollegiate co-operation. Yale men have contributed to Harvard; Harvard men have contributed to Princeton; to all the funds have come contributions from men of no college who value what the colleges are doing. Harvard's aim is $15,250,000; Princeton's is $14,325,000. The first announcement of the progress of the Harvard fund was on October 2. Before the end of the month the contributions amounted to more than $8,000,000. Elsewhere in this issue we point out some of the important ends which these funds will serve.

THE AIR RACE

On October 8 forty-nine airmen left Roosevelt Field, Mineola, Long Island, New York, for a round trip to San Francisco and return, and fifteen airmen left San Francisco on a similar transcontinental jaunt. Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, a minister, who entered the flying service during the war, was the first man to complete the transcontinental journey, reaching New York October 18, having flown westward in 25 hours 28 minutes and 26 seconds, and eastward in 24 hours 45 minutes and 8 seconds of

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actual flying. Other machines have since completed the double flight, but the actual winner under the rules of the contest, which was conducted under the auspices of the American Air Service with the co-operation of the American Flying Club, has not yet been determined as we go to press. The transcontinental flight caused the loss of nine lives from among the pilots and observers in the sixty-four participating machines. The majority of the machines in the race were De Haviland 4's with Liberty motors.

ENCIRCLING THE BOLSHEVIKI

The past month has seen extended and hopeful offensives against the power of the Bolshevist leaders. There were even reports that Petrograd and Kronstadt had fallen or were on the point of falling. These reports were not fully confirmed, and in the last week of October the indications were, as stated in the despatches, that the approach of cold weather makes the likelihood of the immediate capture of Petrograd doubtful. General Yudenitch, who commands the army of the Northwestern Russians, at one time occupied Tsarkoye Selo, and thereby almost cut off the Bolshevist capital from its communications with its main army. On the other part of the semicircle which has been drawing around the Bolshevist central position General Denikine has made notable gains and has alternated with the enemy in possession of Kiev. On October 25 Denikine was reported to be attacking on a seven-hundred-mile front.

General Yudenitch has sprung into sudden prominence by his fine handling of the advance from the northwest, although on October 28 his advance is reported to be checked. He is in hearty alliance with the All-Russian Government at Omsk. Lately he issued a constructive programme which is also an indictment of Bolshevism. In it he says:

> The Bolsheviki, as may be expected from them, will tell you that ours is a Government of capitalists and landowners or of "social traitors." Place no trust in them, for the Bolsheviki are lying and deceiving you and they are only maintaining themselves by chicanery and lies and your credulity.
>
> We are a Government not of capitalists and the landed gentry. Our Government is composed of men in public life, of representatives of all classes and of all the strata of the population. The régime of Czarism is as hateful to us as it is to you, and no return to it is possible.

Another false report in the earlier part of October was that Riga had been captured by German forces acting with some Russians. An attack was made, but it failed. The so-called Western Russians under Colonel Bermondt, who have been aided by Germans from General von der Goltz's army, pretend to be anti-Bolshevist but do not want the Baltic countries—Esthonia, Latvia, and Courland—to have autonomy but to form part of a single Russian empire. Their sympathies are autocratic and they are themselves more or less German in origin. With them have fought men and officers from the German army left in the Baltic region after the armistice. The Letts and Esthonians in and near Riga have fought these "Western Russians" and at the same time have been aiding the army of Yudenitch against the Bolsheviki. Germany has renounced responsibility for its soldiers who have been aiding the attack upon Russia, alleging that they are really colonists. Germany has also recalled General von der Goltz. To most observers this singular "little war" looks like an attempt by Germany to make trouble and stir up strife in the hope that she may ultimately gain force and influence in Russia.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

REFLECTIONS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BIRTHDAY

THE occasions which excite a man's anger afford an excellent indication of his character. He may be slow to express his admiration, but in anger expression is apt to come before reflection. As from the heat of water bubbling to the surface in a spring one perceives the underground heat, so from the fire that flashes from the eye or the hot words that leap from the lips one perceives the passion beneath the surface. One need not look at the catalogue for the title of Hogarth's famous picture "The Distressed Musician;" the angry face that looks out upon the babel of sounds which issue from the London street is unmistakably that of one keenly sensitive to discord.

Theodore Roosevelt was extraordinarily patient—except with injustice. That he never could endure. Whether the injustice was against himself or against others made no difference. Whether the evil it inflicted was little or great, whether it was perpetrated by an individual, a group, or a nation, made little difference. It was the wrong, not the consequences of the wrong, which inflamed his resentment. It might be a cowboy in his employ putting the Roosevelt brand on a calf that had strayed from its owner's herd; it might be Colombia which endeavored by one and the same transaction to cheat France and blackmail America—his wrath was irrepressible and its expression in action instantaneous and efficient. The cowboy could not comprehend the reason for his instant discharge; and there were statesmen and editors who could not understand the instant recognition of Panama's independence. Both the cowboy and the critics were insensitive to injustice if it promised to succeed.

To those who cannot understand the divine command, "Abhor that which is evil," the statement that Mr. Roosevelt's passionate resentment of injustice was the secret of his poise will seem incomprehensible. Nevertheless the statement is true. He was equally indignant at the mob which hanged a defenseless Negro without giving him a trial and at the Negro troop which ran amuck through a peaceful Southern town; equally indignant at the denial of the right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, whether the denial came from a labor union or from a modern feudal overlord. If he were living with us now, he would be equally ready to condemn Bolshevism and to condemn the autocracy which has cultivated Bolshevism in Russia and sown the seeds of the same horrible harvest in the United States; equally ready to condemn the men who are attacking the moral foundations of civilized society and to condemn the men who would take advantage of this attack to re-establish and reinforce the wrongs which made that attack possible.

Mr. Roosevelt was a party man, but not a partisan; he believed in organization, but it was his instrument, not his master. He was a man of poise because he was a lover of justice. He never offered a sop to Cerberus, nor proposed to compromise with injustice, nor tried to keep a middle path by balancing wrong against wrong.

He was the most loved, the most feared, and the most hated man in America—and for the same reason. The forces for evil hated him because he was their always fearless enemy; the timid feared him because they wished for peace and dreaded the turmoil which haters of injustice always produce; and the great majority of Americans loved him and trusted him, because even those who did not understand him shared his hatred of injustice and were ready to follow him in a chivalric war against it.

We cannot recall him. But we can refuse to follow any leader who is not resolved to secure for all a "square deal," whatever it may cost. And we can seek for ourselves Theodore Roosevelt's hatred for all unjust use of power, whether in the family, the school, or the State; whether in educational, industrial, or political life; whether in National or international relations; whether by an overlord or a labor leader, by a monarch or a mob.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

October 27, 1919.

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THE OUTLOOK AND THE ARMENIANS

THE OUTLOOK has received several letters taking exception to certain things in the article entitled "Turkey in Decay," by Mr. Gregory Mason, published in the issue of September 17. The limitations of space prevent the publication of these letters in full. One of them points out that Mr. Mason was mistaken when he said:

"In Samsoon alone there were before the war two hundred and fifty thousand Greeks."

"Certainly I was mistaken in that statement," says our staff correspondent. "I find that in my note-book I wrote, 'In the Samsoon *coastal region* alone there were before the war 250,000 Greeks.' The stupid omission of the phrase coastal region occurred when I made the transposition from the penciled notes to the typewriter."

In general, however, the exceptions taken to the article in question are apparently made in the belief that our staff correspondent in trying to be fair to the Turks has been unfair to the Armenians. It does not seem to us that a careful reading of the article warrants this conclusion. Take the following paragraph, which is pointed to as evidence of the discrimination against Armenians of which some of our readers feel that Mr. Mason has been guilty:

"No fair-minded man will defend the *massacres* of Armenians by Turks, but neither will he defend *such atrocities* as Armenians *sometimes* commit against Turks when they get the upper hand."

The italicized words were not italicized in the original article, but they are important words in that paragraph. They indicate clearly that Mr. Mason does not believe that the Armenians are guilty to the same degree as the Turks of outrages against civilization. What he had in mind particularly were acts of individual Armenians who were fighting the Turks in the southern Caucasus and in the region of Erzerum in co-operation with the Russians. Russians themselves, as well as Americans and Britons, have testified that such atrocities were committed.

The chief complaint of our correspondents is against Mr. Mason's report of criticism of some traits of Armenian character expressed to him by missionaries. We can only say that here the complaint properly lies against the missionaries who uttered this criticism and not against The Outlook. One of the men who expressed such views to Mr. Mason is a man of long experience in mission work in the Near East, who is at present holding a position of high responsibility. That not all missionaries hold such views is indicated by a number of letters which we have received. One of them is from Dr. Ernest W. Riggs, President of Euphrates College, at Harput, Armenia, who writes:

"In twenty-three years in Turkey I have visited missionary homes in sixteen different cities throughout the northern, eastern, and southern parts of the Empire, and, without exception, wherever I have seen Armenian servants employed it is with perfect confidence in their integrity. In each case has the home been as open to them as to servants in any American home which I have visited."

Mr. Mason has not advocated, and does not advocate, that the United States "desert Armenia," as one letter received from a reader charges. In the article in question he pointed out how important it is to "prevent the Turks from bullying other peoples." He concurs with the opinion of those who believe that America would do well to accept a mandate to take under her protection Armenia with Turkey.

THE HARVARD ENDOWMENT FUND

DO Americans want their colleges and universities preserved? Do they believe them worth preserving? Do they think their services in helping to form and maintain American ideals entitle them to further lease of life?

That the American college has been one of the chief factors in forming the character of the Nation there can be no manner of doubt. In a booklet issued by Middlebury College the following evidence on this point is conclusive:

> Less than one per cent of American men are college graduates. Yet this one per cent has furnished:
>
> 55 per cent of our Presidents.
> 36 per cent of the Members of Congress.
> 47 per cent of the Speakers of the House.
> 54 per cent of the Vice-Presidents.
> 62 per cent of the Secretaries of State.
> 50 per cent of the Secretaries of the Treasury.
> 67 per cent of the Attorneys-General.
> 69 per cent of the Justices of the Supreme Court.
>
> Though comparatively few went to college at that time, fifty per cent of the men composing the Constitutional Convention were college-bred.

Have the ideals and traditions that colleges and universities have transmitted through the generations been such that Americans who love their country wish to see the transmission continued through generations to come? Those traditions and ideals have just been subject to the bloody test of war, and we know how they have stood. We can understand the nature of those ideals if we contrast them with the doctrines of the German university with which they clashed. In Germany the universities committed themselves and brought the mass of the people to a belief in a code of international and public morals that brought on the World War. There the universities were the means by which Prussianism gained its sway over the minds of the German people. It has been sometimes said that American colleges have been molded (especially in recent years) by German ideas. It is true that in many institutions German methods were copied, just as in our factories German tools have been used and German laboratory practices have been employed; but that German educational ideals or objects ever found root in American colleges was disproved long before America entered the war. By the score and hundred American undergraduates, in advance of the mass of their fellow-countrymen, volunteered to fight against the things that German universities had inculcated, and in many cases these undergraduates gave their lives.

And when the war came to America the record of the colleges shows that the traditions and ideals they had maintained had fitted their students not only to perform their duty to their country but to accept it eagerly. It was not possible for every class in every college to equal the record of the class of 1917 at Williams, which graduated one hundred and three men. Of these it is recorded that one was in the public service and was not allowed to resign, one was a cripple incapacitated for full service in the Army or Navy but nevertheless drove an ambulance in connection with an Army camp, and all the rest, one hundred and one, entered the military service of the Nation. Exceptional as the record of that class was, it was typical of the spirit in the college students of the country. College greens and dormitories were all but deserted until they were reoccupied by men in khaki and navy blue. It is idle to rehearse the story. It is known throughout the land.

Why did the colleges so respond? Because they had through all the years preserved faith in the principles for which the English-speaking peoples have been willing to fight whenever they have been imperiled. American colleges have the same inheritance as American common law and American free institutions.

This explains such a record as that of Harvard, for example. Of Harvard's graduates over 10,600 served in the armed or auxiliary forces of the United States and Associated Powers, and in every branch of those armed or auxiliary forces were to be found Harvard graduates and members of Harvard's faculties.

In the face of such a record, what do we as a people do in recognition of the services of those who carry on these colleges? Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, a graduate of Amherst, has answered tersely in an address he delivered at the last Commencement at Harvard: "We compensate liberally the manufacturer and the merchant; but we fail to appreciate those who guard the

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minds of our youth or those who preside over our congregations. We have lost our reverence for the profession of teaching and bestowed it upon the profession of acquiring."

Harvard graduates have been stirred by the facts that have been brought to their attention. They have learned that the scale of payment to the instructing body at Harvard has not changed since 1905; that the highest payment possible to a Professor is $5,500, and that is paid to only a very few; that a man after spending seven years or more in college and university preparation receives only $1,200 a year; that there are men teaching at Harvard who after spending thousands of dollars in preparing themselves to teach are getting what a man can get with a pick and shovel. They have learned that the services which the country has received from Harvard have been rendered because to the very men who have rendered them fair recompense has been denied; that, as it has been stated, there is in Harvard's accounts "an invisible moral deficit of $600,000 a year, met by the self-sacrifice of a loyal, underpaid teaching staff." They have learned that besides this invisible deficit (consisting of moral debt to its teachers) there has been an annual deficit met by funds which ought to have been used for expansion; and that these funds, free for such use, which remain, are dangerously low. They have learned that Harvard's funds are, for the most part, restricted to definite objects; that a new building, for example, which ought to be an asset, is in a sense a liability, because there are no funds, or very limited funds, which can be spent in making the building useful. They have learned that the tuition fee has been raised to $200 a year in order to increase the amount of unrestricted funds, and that this increase in the cost of education at Harvard is likely to limit Harvard's usefulness by discouraging attendance on the part of students of limited means.

For this reason there is under way a movement to raise fifteen million dollars of unrestricted funds for Harvard, and as much more as possible. It is not merely for Harvard College. Harvard University is a great federation of institutions of which Harvard College is only one. At Harvard are what is generally acknowledged to be the greatest law school in the country, one of the three or four greatest medical schools, a new and successful School of Business Administration aiming to train men for business as a profession, a group of schools devoted to agriculture and botany, the astronomical observatory which from its foundation has led in astronomical research, the greatest university library in America and one of the greatest in the world, a group of great museums to some degree administered by unpaid men, a divinity school, engineering, architectural, dental, and other graduate schools. The reasonable needs of this great group of institutions would call for a fund of twenty-six million dollars. The summary of Harvard's needs has been drawn up in detail, and can be had of the Harvard Endowment Fund, 165 Broadway, New York City. The facts there stated should appeal not only to Harvard graduates but to all who value what American colleges and universities have done for America, and who remember that that record was begun by Harvard nearly three hundred years ago, and that to-day Harvard is not only the oldest American college but is as distinctively and typically American in its ideals and traditions as it was when it was founded by those who were also founders of the Nation.

CAPTAIN SETH BULLOCK—A BLACK HILLS PIONEER

BY TRAVERS D. CARMAN

IN June, 1912, I had the great honor of accompanying Colonel Roosevelt to the Republican and Progressive Conventions held at Chicago. It seemed as though every one in the West, from cowboy to Governor, from statesman to ward leader, was inspired with the one ambition of meeting the Colonel. It was one of my duties to arrange the schedule of appointments—of delegates, committees, and individuals whom either Colonel Roosevelt wanted to see, or for political reasons should see, each day. In the midst of one of the most crowded hours, when all of the rooms of the Colonel's official suite were packed with men eagerly awaiting their turn, and with the hall seething with a yelling horde of enthusiastic Roosevelt followers, I was hastily summoned to the door, and found myself confronted with a man of quiet demeanor, with steady keen eye, black mustache, spare of figure, commanding in appearance, wearing a black Stetson hat, unruffled by the crowd surging about him, who said, simply, "Tell Colonel Roosevelt Seth Bullock's here." I was familiar enough with the name, although I had never met Captain Bullock, to feel warranted in disturbing Colonel Roosevelt, who was in conference with his campaign manager, Senator Dixon, and to deliver the message. With a shout the Colonel jumped to his feet and with the enthusiasm of a boy cried out, with similar exclamations from two of his sons who were present, "Seth Bullock's here!"

For the moment the cares of the campaign fell from Mr. Roosevelt's shoulders as he and Seth Bullock renewed their youth in reminiscences of cow-punching days along the Little Missouri River. And from time to time throughout those strenuous days and nights Seth Bullock would invariably "report" at the psychological moment when the strain was bearing down hardest on Mr. Roosevelt to bring to the Colonel a message of the plains, refresh him with the wholesomeness of the spirit of the great out-of-doors, and thus serve his chief in this simple but most effective way.

And now Captain Seth Bullock is dead. On September 24 he followed the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt, his friend and ideal.

We read only too often of the lawlessness of the West in its early history, and yet no finer type of rugged, fearless men lived and fought and died than those who dominated the settlement, reclamation, and development of the Black Hills and Bad Lands of North and South Dakota, and who so unselfishly devoted their lives to the winning over of this tragic wilderness to the land of order, prosperity, and enchantment.

Sylvane Ferris and Arthur W. Merrifield, partners of Colonel Roosevelt on his Chimney Butte and Elkhorn ranches; Joe Ferris, brother of Sylvane, who was with the Colonel when he shot his first buffalo in 1883 on the Little Missouri River south of Medora, North Dakota; Seth Bullock, the "best Marshal South Dakota ever had," captain in the Cowboy Regiment during the Spanish-American War, and owner of a ranch at Belle Fourche, South Dakota, when first he met Colonel Roosevelt in 1884, stand out prominently among the many who were so closely identified with the Black Hills and the Bad Lands history.

In commenting editorially on Seth Bullock the Chicago "Tribune" says:

> It may be said that but for Roosevelt Seth Bullock would have remained unsung. Agreed. But without Roosevelt's friendship Bullock would have been the same kind of a man, neither shirking his responsibilities nor seeking a reflected glory. Bullock was Roosevelt's friend because he was Bullock.

CAPTAIN BULLOCK'S EARLIER HISTORY

Captain Seth Bullock was born in Windsor, Ontario, in 1849, and in early manhood came to the United States as one of the first settlers of the city of Helena, Montana Territory. In 1870 he was nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for Assemblyman, but was defeated. In 1871 he was elected State Senator from Helena, the largest city of the Territory of Montana. He thus enjoyed the distinction of being the first Canadian ever elected in Montana to any position of trust, and, since the Governor and Secretary were appointed by the President, Mr. Bullock received the highest honors the Territorial electors could confer.

In 1876 Seth Bullock accompanied the first gold prospectors from Montana

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into the Black Hills, and shortly thereafter established a hardware business on the site of what is now known as Deadwood. This is in Lawrence County, on the western border of South Dakota, in the midst of the Black Hills.

His record in Montana was such that he was made the first Federal peace officer of the Black Hills, and afterward, under warrant from Governor Pennington, of the Territory of Dakota, he became Marshal and Sheriff of the Deadwood District.

As Marshal and Sheriff he was credited with ridding the district of road agents and bad men and with the inauguration of good government. He was noted for his justice and fearlessness, facing death, hardship, and danger with great unconcern.

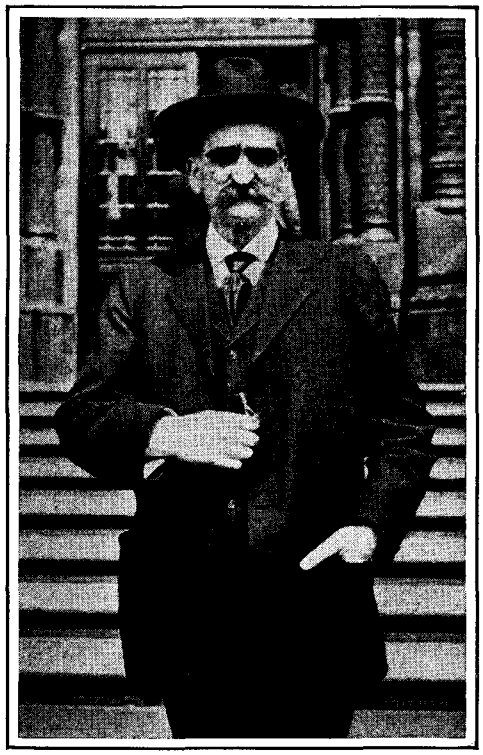
Seth Bullock came into prominence in 1878, when he was called upon to suppress trouble at the Hidden Treasure Mine in Hidden Treasure Gulch, near Lead City, where now is located the Homestake Mine, said to be the richest gold mine in the world. Twenty of the miners working there went in to hold the mine until they were paid off. Sheriff Seth Bullock was summoned to get them out, and was shot at repeatedly by the miners whenever he exposed himself to view. Guarding the mine personally, he sent for a company of cavalry, and upon their arrival lowered burning sulphur into the mine, smoking the men out into the hands of the Federal troopers who awaited their exit. Thus, through the prompt and efficient action of Sheriff Bullock, bloodshed was avoided, the miners were taken into custody, and order was restored.

In addition to his hardware business at Deadwood, Captain Bullock became interested in horse and cattle raising, and purchased large tracts of land on the False Bottom and Belle Fourche Rivers. He is, in fact, credited with bringing to South Dakota and successfully raising on his farm at Belle Fourche the first alfalfa introduced into that State—a crop that was later destined to add greatly to the wealth of the State.

BLACK HILLS HISTORY

The Black Hills Forest Reservation was acquired by the Government in 1877, and through the efforts of Captain Bullock was eventually made to include all of the Black Hills located in South Dakota and extending for some four or five miles into northeastern Wyoming.

In 1900 it was rumored that the Indiana political ring were seeking to use their influence with President McKinley to secure the appointment of an Indiana man as Forest Supervisor of the Black Hills Reserve. The friends of Seth Bullock, without his knowledge but with the aid of Colonel Roosevelt, who had just been elected Vice-President and heartily believed in the appointment of a Black Hills man for the position, were successful in securing the appointment of Captain Bullock, who was finally persuaded to accept the office. "As soon as I was appointed," said Seth Bullock, "Washington commenced to send a lot of dudes out here as Forest Rangers. I didn't want them. I wanted Forest Rangers who could sleep out in the open with or without a blanket, put out a fire, and catch a horse thief, and I wrote the Colonel about it." The Vice-President took the matter up with Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, and in characteristic fashion advised him that he thought Seth Bullock was right, and to let him run it his own way. Needless to add, the Secretary did so.



SETH BULLOCK
Photographed on the steps of the Kensington Museum, in London, in 1910

In 1905 Seth Bullock was appointed Marshal of South Dakota by Colonel Roosevelt, who was then President; he was reappointed in 1909 by President Taft, and was continued in office for one year under President Wilson.

MY LAST VISIT WITH SETH BULLOCK

Sent out by The Outlook to attend the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt, at Deadwood, South Dakota, on July Fourth of this year, I had many talks with Seth Bullock and learned from his own lips of the love that he bore the Colonel.

Sitting in my room at the Hotel Franklin in Deadwood, I listened absorbed to the tales of the early days of the Black Hills, of Indian uprisings and massacres, of brave deeds grown common through daily occurrence, of anecdotes of the Colonel without end. Said Captain Bullock: "The first time I saw Colonel Roosevelt I thought he was a tin-horn gambling sport, a tenderfoot from the East who had come out to the Bad Lands to recover from the evil effects of the fast pace of the East. But I soon learned my mistake."

Speaking further of the Colonel, he said: "I remember these two expressions of his and how well they describe his point of view:

"'Be many-sided, but four-square to all the world.'

"'Be ready to do your duty when you see it and as you see it.'"

In speaking of the trip which he made with President Roosevelt and John Burroughs to the Yellowstone National Park in 1903, Mr. Bullock laughingly remarked that "either would chase a snowbird clear from the Yellowstone to the Arctic Circle if the interests of science could be served thereby."

My good friend Hermann Hagedorn, the author of "The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt" and a member of the Executive Committee of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, writes me as follows: "Mr. Smith, who was my secretary on my trip West, recently sent in to me the notes he took of Captain Seth Bullock's conversation in your room at the Hotel Franklin the night before the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt at Deadwood, South Dakota, on July 4 last. I cannot make use of this material in the book I am now writing, though I am quite sure that I shall want to use it or a good part of it later. However, it may help to refresh your memory and you are welcome to any part of it." And I wish to acknowledge hereby his timely aid to my uncertain memory for what I am about to relate.

"When Mr. Roosevelt came out at Khartum, Egypt, from his African hunting trip," said Seth Bullock, "he wired me to join him in London; the Colonel said he wanted some fellow over there that could help him laugh, and I was elected.

"Upon my arrival, seeing that the Colonel was being overworked by his many official engagements of state, I decided that he needed relaxation with some plain chap he didn't have to bother about, so I walked him over the Thames River Bridge. Casting about for a humorous diversion, I noticed that the river was at extremely low tide, and knowing also that the Thames was to an Englishman what the Mississippi or the Hudson is to an American, I waited until a particularly haughty-looking Englishman with a carefully adjusted monocle approached, and, without an inkling to the Colonel of what I intended to do, asked if he could tell me the name of the *creek*. The pitying, pained, and bored way in which the Englishman replied, 'That, my good fellow, is our river Thames,' served its purpose and kept the Colonel chuckling for the remainder of the day.

"On another occasion," said Captain Bullock, "when sailing up the Thames with a duke or a lord, I forget which, I asked to whom the swans which were swimming in the river belonged. 'Oh,' said the duke or lord, 'to the Crown, of course.' 'How can you tell the King's swans from any one else's?' I asked. 'Do you have a round-up?' 'Oh, yes,

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quite so. We round them up every spring and mark them.' 'Well, then,' I said, 'I wish to heaven you'd send some one over to America and round up our damned English sparrows.' He looked at me in a puzzled sort of way and said, 'How could we do that? Your Government would hardly permit it, I fancy.' But," reflectively added Seth Bullock, "that chap was all right; he was too good to be a lord or duke—yes, he was good enough to be an American.

"I was asked," continued Seth Bullock, "while over there, why the Colonel did not seem to care for kings, and I replied that I thought he preferred aces. And it seemed particularly to mystify one of Colonel Roosevelt's noblemen friends when, in answer to his question of how long I had known him, I replied, 'From the tail of a chuck wagon (in the old round-up days) to the Court of St. James.'"

He then told of the following incident which happened at Windsor Palace immediately following the burial of King Edward VII, at which Theodore Roosevelt was present as "chief mourner for the United States." The German Kaiser was present, and as they were leaving, the Kaiser called to him and said: "Colonel Roosevelt, I wish to see you before I leave London. If you will come to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock, I can give you forty-five minutes." And Mr. Roosevelt replied, "That is very gracious of your Majesty. I will be there at two, but, unfortunately, I can spare only half an hour."

"At the state functions in London I was always particularly amused at the major domos, or announcers, who would solemnly announce each distinguished guest upon his arrival. The dress the announcer always wore seemed to me to be about eighteen feet high. They called him the 'Beetle,' or something that sounded like that. I always wondered how long he would last in that costume on a bad pony at a Western round-up. He certainly would have been the envy of every Sioux brave at an Indian dog dance."

And then as the Captain paused I realized it was well after midnight, with a long day ahead, and I silently shook his hand as he said wistfully, and as though it explained it all—as it did so well—"You knew Colonel Roosevelt too, didn't you?"

AS HE IS REMEMBERED

Let me quote here from a letter which I have just received from George Emlen Roosevelt, a favorite cousin of Colonel Roosevelt's, who knew Seth Bullock intimately:

"As I remember, I was about twelve years old when I first went out West with Ted [Colonel Roosevelt's oldest son] to Deadwood to go bear-hunting with Seth Bullock. He was a man with a reputation throughout all that section of the country as a huntsman and a dead shot, a very dangerous opponent in any kind of a fight. He was our typical old-time cowpuncher and Western gun-fighter. That did not seem to be the exact training to qualify a man to take care of two young boys, and yet I cannot imagine any one who would have, in every way, exercised a better influence. He never allowed profanity in the camp while we were there; he never permitted us to wander around in gambling halls and saloons, which were the natural rendezvous in all the small towns we visited; and although we were living in the mountains and riding a good many miles a day, with wonderful skill he saw to it that we did not get over-tired or into danger. Of course he had an endless fund of stories that he used to tell us in the evenings; and he knew all about the Black Hills, the mining prospectors, and game, and explained it all to us in a way that was a real education. In losing Seth Bullock the country has lost one of its picturesque and truly great characters."

SETH BULLOCK, MR. ROOSEVELT, CAPTAIN SELOUS

Photographed at the Kensington Museum, London, in 1910. Captain Selous was the famous African hunter and explorer. He was killed in Africa during the war

The Colonel's oldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, wrote me of his sorrow at the death of Captain Bullock, and with his permission I will quote in full:

"The death of Captain Seth Bullock was a real shock to the entire Roosevelt family. He was a fine type of character that has been produced so much by our West. He stood for the principles of law and order in times and under conditions where only robust righteousness was of avail. My last recollection of Seth was when as a boy of twelve or thirteen I went on a camping expedition with him. I never shall forget his silhouette as he rode forward through the moonlight one night across the Bad Lands, his rifle held over the pommel of his saddle. Seth combined courage and determination with gentleness and kindness. He typifies, to my mind, the men who built up the West."

Coming from one who knew Seth Bullock intimately, the following quotation from a letter received recently from Major-General Leonard Wood is of particular interest:

"When I last saw Seth Bullock he impressed me as being in good health and full of energy, with many years of useful life ahead of him.

"I really believe that Colonel Roosevelt's death hastened very greatly his own. He was devotedly attached to the Colonel, and from what he said to me at Deadwood I know he felt a very great interest had been taken out of his life.

"He was a sterling character—best type of old frontiersman; a man who stood for law and order and did what he believed to be right.

"His loss is a very real one to all of us who believe in good citizenship, a decent private and public life, and unswerving loyalty."

THE DEDICATION OF MOUNT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Seth Bullock wrote me shortly before his death in answer to my letter on the subject: "There were about one hundred of us living when we formed the Society of Black Hills Pioneers. Colonel Roosevelt was made the first and only honorary member because he had always been a pioneer in fighting for the people's rights and in blazing a trail in the East as we were doing here in the West for the march of the Nation's progress."

And so it was that on January 30, 1919, a meeting of the Black Hills Pioneers Association, of which Captain Bullock was President, was held on his initiative in the assembly rooms of the Business Men's Club of Deadwood, South Dakota, and resolutions prepared by Seth Bullock were afterward placed upon a tablet and set into a monument erected by the Black Hills Pioneers "In Memory of Theodore Roosevelt, the American," upon the mountain to which they had given his name.

It is particularly fitting that through the effort of Captain Seth Bullock a mountain in the West the Colonel loved so dearly should have been dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, and that at that ceremony the Colonel's lifelong friend, Major-General Leonard Wood, should have in his address so ably paid the Nation's tribute to the Great American, who, like Abraham Lincoln, in death lives but the more vividly in the hearts of American men and women.

The "silent places," as Stewart Edward White has so well named the magic forests and open plains, imprint their stamp of nobleness on the characters of the men who lived among them, learned their secrets, and in the battle of self-control acquired those qualities which made them leaders of men in the peril-fraught days of Indian uprisings and massacres, and a mighty power for good in the later period of forest reclamation and modern civilized settlement. Such a one was Seth Bullock, steadfast of spirit, clean of heart, true to his standards and ideals. Seeking the right, despising the

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wrong, he clung to Colonel Roosevelt as the great and never-failing inspiration of his life. It seemed but yesterday, at the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt, four miles north of Deadwood, South Dakota, on July Fourth of this year, that, with a look of infinite sadness, Seth Bullock remarked of the all too untimely death of Colonel Roosevelt: "Why couldn't he have been spared to the Nation in its great hour of need, and I, who have run my race, have been taken in his stead?"

Born of the West, living for the West, devoted throughout his life to the winning of the West, Seth Bullock was a man who stands conspicuous even among the pioneers of the West in bravery, conscientious endeavor and achievement, whose years were well spent in the fulfillment of duty.

THE STORY OF A FOREST FIRE

BY CHASE S. OSBORN

FORMER GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN

"BRADSHAW reports that a bad fire has started in Jerry Lynch's old pulpwood choppings between Joe Pork's shack and Gurnoe's camp. Notify everybody on this shore."

This alarming message was handed to me early one morning of the first week in August, 1919. It was signed, "Mrs. Nelson." She is the wife of a descendant of Eric the Red, who keeps the United States buoy station on the East Neebish shore of Sugar Island, in St. Mary's River. They are sturdy, fine, honest, and imperturbable Americans of Scandinavian extraction. Word from them is to be heeded, because it is reliable and more apt to be understated than overcolored. The boy who brought the note rode on up shore.

For days the air had been so full of smoke that I sometimes could not see Big Duck from Little Duck, although they are less than a hundred yards apart. The sun hung red in the sky. At night the moon looked like Jess Willard's face on July 4. Ashes and cinders floated everywhere on the bosom of the big crystal river. On Neebish Island they had been fighting fire. Across on the Canadian mainland a blanket of bluish-white smoke covered the landscape. Now and again dense clouds of greenish-black smoke would volcano upward through the opaque screen, showing where the conifers were on fire. On the American main shores the fire conditions for hundreds of miles westward were deadly. The head of Sugar Island was engulfed in smoke and flame. There was a bad fire in back of Hay Point at the center of the island. Up to this time the south half of the island had escaped. But all of us in this zone were nervously alert.

There was not a drop of water between shores south of the center of the island, a stretch of eight miles or more. Every creek and well and spring had gone dry. Even the famous spring in the swamp at old John Joseph's, which had not failed for forty years that he could remember and possibly never before, was so dry that the sand in the bottom was not even damp two feet below, as I found when I dug to see if sinking deeper would yield water. It was as dry as Kalahari or Atacama, and there was not a single green water-hole or oasis. The very dust mixed with humus and ligneous substance would actually ignite more quickly than old-fashioned black powder. What seemed to be innocuous pipe ashes and apparently dead cigarette ends would start fires wherever dropped. I ordered all outdoor smoking stopped around the Ducks, confining it to within cabin doors or out on the water in a boat. One camper, a distinguished scientist, was as tricky as a boy learning to smoke. He would sneak his smokes. After he had started a number of incipient fires, all of which were discovered and put out and none of which seemed to give him a glimmering of sense of the danger, I had a gallon tin can tied around his neck. It hung on his breast under his chin and bore the legend, strange to him, of "Safety First." Into this he peacefully smoked. I patrolled Duck Lake and Lake George shores, admonished campers, and extinguished fires, and others were watchful too.

But, in spite of all we could do, the fire came.

Pete Grizzon said that two young men from the Sault were on the trail Sunday afternoon. He met them while on his way from Goose Point to Shingle Bay. One was smoking a pipe and the other a cigarette. They asked for John Gee's place. This was 4 P.M. John Gee said that they didn't find him. So they must have wandered off on the Joe Pork trail. Between six and seven o'clock John Andrews and Polly Gates, his woman, trustworthy halfbreeds, were on their way down the Hay Lake shore to their shack behind the dike at the Middle Neebish. They saw smoke. About nine o'clock, as it was just getting dark, Bill Gates and his "pick me up" Shannon woman, on their way home from Nine Mile Point, saw flames and smoke. By this time it was a big fire. The two city men with the white hats had knocked out a pipe or dropped ashes and had started an inferno.

I could tell you how Bill Gates got the Shannon woman and how John Andrews, whose name isn't Andrews at all, got Polly, and you would be interested, because it is a primitive sex problem worth while—a story of fire in the forest but not forest fire. It is only referred to here as bearing upon the psychological effect of frontier dangers. Although John Andrews had taken Bill Gates's wife and was charged with the more serious crime of shooting Bill's big, valuable, husky sled dogs, the two men declared a moratorium—not a truce. Their accounts would be settled later; no fourteen points, just one big debt of life.

Margaret Buzno, of the Duck Cabins, was at Bill Gates's place when Bill got home. He was so excited that Margaret came back at once to tell about the fire, and Mrs. Shannon started to bundle up the meager household goods because Bill said the wind from the south would drive the fire onto them before morning. Those to whom Margaret gave her alarm paid no attention to her, and, anyhow, nothing could be done. It was not safe to backfire, because that could not be controlled and would only aid the main conflagration. I heard the news early next morning and started to investigate. It was while on my way down shore that I met the young Paul Revere bearing the tidings from Mrs. Nelson. The wind had backed up against the sun and was blowing briskly from the southeast. The fire had started near the center of the south end of the island and was sweeping northwest toward the Hay Lake shore and eating its way more slowly against the wind to the southward, also making some headway toward the east and northeast on the lateral front. This was the way it was when I got to the fire line at nine o'clock Monday morning. Long before I reached the fire I could feel the heat in the air, could see the rolling smoke waves on high, and could hear the crackle and the crashing and the crunching of falling tree-trunks. Birds in alarmed flight winged ahead of the danger. Small game, squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, and groundhogs, were getting out of the way and were heedless of man. There was even increased activity and excitement among the bugs. I never saw such swarms of Camberwell beauties, banded purples, angle-wings, swallow-tails, tortoise-shells, and dog-faced sulphurs. Deer clung to the shores, ready to take to the water. Bradshaw reported a big bull moose hanging out with his cattle, as if sensing comparative safety near to man. The fire caught a lot of pestiferous army worms and destroyed no end of vermin in its course.

Sugar Island is sixteen miles long, and the width varies between Lake George and Hay Lake. It is in reality an eskar upon which have gathered for centuries the woody substances of reeds, grasses, leaves, shrubs, and dead tree-trunks. In some places are big stretches of water and iceborne clays, making fine farming lands. Under the shallow covering of soil there are rocks showing glacial groovings and

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striæ, and at several places I have seen old quartzic slabs of the shores of the ancient Algonkian sea bearing ripple marks as perfect as when the waves made them, like so many waffle bands, resulting from perfect gravital consolidation.

The fire had to cross a broad trail between Shingle Bay and the buoy station before it could proceed northward to join the Hay Point fires and the big one at the north end. If it crossed this trail, the entire island was doomed unless heavy rains came, and there was a dry moon and no sign of rain. So we tried to stop it on this fire lane. At first there were about thirty of us, including Bradshaw, an old fire fighter, John Gurnoe, John Andrews, Bill Gates, Jim Jonsting, Joe Corbiere, Alice Captain, Archie Hall, Mrs. McElevy, Pete Goddard, Polly Gates, John Gee, Tom Joseph, James S. Dunstan, and Alice Dunstan, and others with a woodsy assortment of names. Mr. Dunstan and daughter, of New York, and I were the only non-residents of the island. The fighters had brains and willingness and courage and resource, but we had nothing to fight the fire with. There wasn't a drop of water nearer than the shore. The main fire front was over two miles long. It would take an ocean to conquer it. The trail was rocky. We had shovels, picks, hoes, rakes, and axes. We could not get a shovelful of noncombustible soil. All we could do was to whip at the fire with bundles of green withes. Bradshaw said that it would not run through a certain big green alder swamp, which would help check it. When the fire reached those alders, there was a hissing of a million serpents' tongues, and then a frying, sizzling sound as of the broiling of countless earth demons, and the alder swamp became blackish ashes on the ground. On came the fire. It consumed every particle of the covering of the rocky land, leaving it as bare, except for ashes, as when it left the bosom of the glacier that bore it. When it got to the trail, we could make only a brief resistance, that was more futile than the prattle of babes. Then we had to run for it or roast. Long before the ground fire got to the trail the aerial flames and cinders had passed over us, igniting the forest beyond. There was nothing to do but pray, and there was a mighty lot of praying. The Indians said if Chief Mendoskong were alive and White Loon, the medicine man, was not dead they could make rain. Even Greensky, who had been a famous rainmaker, had gone to the land of crippled deer and tame beaver. There was no hope.

On my way to the fire front I had edged into Joe Pork's place. Burned ground everywhere. Horrors! Prone on the ground near the cabin door was an unconscious woman. At first I thought she was dead. My pointer dog Bones poked his nose in her face before I got to where she was. She did not move. I turned her over and raised her. She was exhausted, but not dead. All night long she had fought with green brush brooms to save her humble wild woodland home. It was Charlotte Kukush, sister of Joe Pork. She was there alone. Joe was up the Lake Superior shore behind Michipicoten. The Pork shack was directly in the fire pathway. There was a small clearing. Smoke and heat and flames and cinders enshrouded the place. Charlotte fought wildly. Then she gave up and tried to move her clothing and bedding and her dogs. There was her stuff scattered all the way for a mile to the Hay Lake shore. On her last trip to the shack she fell exhausted and unconscious. Then the miracle occurred. The fire burned a circle around her, to within two feet of her, and stopped. It burned to within a palm's width of the shack. Then it stopped. There I found her alive and the cabin untouched. The stable had burned to fine ashes. In every direction for a mile was devastation—smoldering embers, hot rocks, blackish-gray ashes. The poor squaw and her camp were saved.

This has been a year of terrible losses from forest fires. The loss of life has not been as great, but the loss of property has been more perhaps than ever before. When Peshtigo was burned, hundreds of people perished. More hundreds were roasted and suffocated in the awful fires in the Michigan "Thumb" region, where the Red Cross first manifested its mercy in a domestic catastrophe. The Hinkley fire in Minnesota took a terrible human toll. Last year in the Cloquet district of Minnesota more than a half-score of settlements were destroyed with big casualties. This year the fires have run over parts of Michigan, Wisconsin, Idaho, Montana, Ontario, and other areas.

Just now there is a lull. Rains have come; not enough to extinguish the fires, but sufficient to check them. In the Lake Superior region they will not be put out until the deep winter snows come. I have even seen them burning under more than a foot of snow, like an uncanny fumarole semblancing Hades. In the Dakota Bad Lands fires persisted in the lignite veins for centuries, resulting in a weird land of death with fretted and frenzied topography.

How do forest fires start? Perhaps in a thousand ways. First, the season must be dry. There must be subnormal rainfall. When conditions are perfect for ignition, sparks from a locomotive or steamboat, or coals and ashes let fall by smokers or careless campers, or settlers clearing land, or cruisers, and even heedless fire and forest wardens, and broken glass focusing the sun's rays, and spontaneous combustion. One year some United States Coast Guardsmen landed on one of my islands. One of the fellows, in his pride of knowledge to show a rookie how birch bark would burn, lighted a piece, and as it consumed the fragile coals fell to the earth. Thinking, no doubt, that there was no danger, or perhaps, more likely, not thinking at all, they returned to their boat. Fortunately I happened alongshore soon afterwards. A bad fire was well started and running. It was not a very dry time either. In this instance men whose duty it is to protect property placed it in jeopardy.

Only one thing can prevent forest fires: education of the people to a point where they can appreciate the danger and will practice adequate care. I have known careful woodsmen to start a tea fire on a rocky shore covered with fibrous roots and dusty ligneous substance and use plenty of water in an attempt to put it out before they proceeded. But the fire had eaten its way inch by inch between rock and soil where it was hidden and where the water did not reach it, only to burn through later and destroy miles of growth. So one must be very, very careful where he builds a fire in a dry time and more careful still about putting it out.

When forest fires reach their maximum, they are more than terrible in their fury. The very air seems afire. There are those who believe that the air decomposes at a certain heat and that the gases ignite, forming an atmosphere of liquid flames. In the Peshtigo fire the flames appeared to jump forty miles through the grimy air. In that holocaust a queer thing transpired difficult of physical explanation. A new house, partially completed and in course of construction, located near the center of the town, was not even scorched. Not an ember was otherwise left. Some sort of a cold air zone formed around the house, like the air pockets encountered by aviators or something similar. Anyhow, there was this freak case.

There is such a thing as the air being so filled with carbon that it burns in advance of a gale of fire. I have seen and have run before forest fires that were advancing with hurricane swiftness through the tops of trees. The tops half-way to the ground would melt in the sea of flame like soft lead bars in a furnace. These would intensify the more slowly advancing ground fire until everything in its path would be consumed and melted, even the rocks themselves. Once some of my men, in my absence, took refuge on the summit of a bare mountain of stone. They were suffocated by the hot air. During the historic fires in the "Thumb" of Michigan people descended into wells to escape, only to be caught like rats and asphyxiated. Dozens of corpses were pulled out of wells.

Nothing is so terrible as a fire in a great forest in a dry time. More timber has been burned than has been lumbered. There never was a greater menace to the only great fringing forests remaining in North America. These great zones of wild life are on the way to becoming treeless, birdless, and waterless unless we save the forests at least in spots. Not flood, nor storm, nor famine, nor earthquake, nor volcano, is more destructive than wild fires. We must become a Nation of fire wardens.

Will you help?

Duck Island, Chippewa County, Michigan.
August 22, 1919.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN DESERT

A TRUE STORY

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

IT was in the market square of a little city in Nevada that I saw him. He stood beside a wagon which was freighted with fat bronze turkeys. He, too, was bronze, with a golden-freckled skin and eyes just a little darker than hazel. Thanksgiving was almost upon us; but the weather was mild, as it is wont to be in this southernmost county, and the boy's chest was bare, nor did he wear stockings or shoes. Strange that such a figure should be commanding, yet so it seemed to me as I watched him.

"On foot, thirty-five cents; dressed, forty cents!" I heard him call out in the alternately gruff and wheezy voice of about fourteen years. Then, were the order "dressed," as calmly as most boys whittle a stick he demolished life and prepared the bird for human feasting.

I strolled over to where he stood. "They are beautiful fowl," I said. "Where is your farm?"

He threw a gesture over his shoulder. "Fifty miles due north."

"Oh!" I continued, "across the desert. Well, it is a great country for turkeys. No end to their range!" He looked bored, but I persisted, ruthlessly. "How long were they on the train?"

A possible buyer came in sight and my question fell on unhearing ears. "Yes, sir; he weighs twenty-five pounds as he stands." The bargain completed, the boy lapsed into silence. Apparently I was obliterated from his consciousness.

"How long was the journey?" I repeated.

He shifted his body and spoke as if in a superlative effort to get rid of me. "We live up on the ridge more'n forty miles from the branch road. Never saw a locomotive myself till six months ago. We drove in the wagon across the desert."

"And that took how long?"

"Three days. We camped at night to rest the team."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Me and Sister.—Thirty-five cents on foot—"

As the familiar exegesis was resumed I moved away, but happened as I did so to bump into a girl whom I instantly recognized as the boy's sister. She looked like him, except that instead of being stolid, she was vibrant. Her golden color tones flashed, her red-brown hair was alive.

I apologized for walking into her.

"No harm done, ma'am," she responded. Then, turning to her brother: "I just met Miss Berry. She went to the hotel with me and made me acquainted with the manager. He wants three turkeys. Take them over, and I'll wait by the wagon."

When Brother was out of the way, I went back to talk with his more gracious sister.

"You seem to be selling them fast, yet there are a lot left," I remarked.

"We brought in sixty-four birds," she vouchsafed. "And what do you think? Joe and I hatched them from only four hens. One hen hatched all of twenty-two eggs; another hatched seventeen out of eighteen. We only lost three birds out of sixty-eight, and one of those was stolen just after we'd spent five dollars in grain to fatten them for Thanksgiving. After that Joe slept right out by the turkey house every night."

"Blessed be a woman's tongue!" thought I. Here was a whole story in a few sentences, and a story punctuated by the brightest eyes and the most flashing smiles imaginable.

"You see," she continued, "we've had a turkey project in the county. The State College certainly sent us a dandy poultry woman. What she doesn't know about blackhead and turkey culture has never been written, I guess. The home demonstration agent got interested, too. She's Miss Berry, and she arranged to have us come in to this market and made us acquainted with the hotel manager and other folks."

"What do you think about this county agent and home demonstration agent work, which is costing Washington and the States so much money?" I asked.

She turned upon me with a most curious expression in which amazement, pity, and temper flashed alternately. "Costing so much money!" she cried. "Why, you don't understand! It's *saving* money. Just the culling of our poultry flocks this year has saved, in feed given to hens that weren't laying, more than the extension work costs in our county. And then think of the food preserved by canning! Why, the Government is saving money! Do you think we'd accept charity from Washington or the College? Why, we just form our own programmes of work, and the College is so grateful to us for all the waste we're getting rid of that it sends home demonstration agents and specialists to us to help along. And—and—and—why, we're *giving* money to the Government!"

"I hope you will say just that when you are Representative from Nevada," I exclaimed.

Fancying herself teased, her face grew dark.

"You know we had a woman Representative," I explained, "and by the time you grow up I hope there will be many of them. I'm one of the women who trusts her own sex. Don't you?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I like Brother better than any one, and he's a boy—of course."

We fell into silence and her face dreamed. Evidently she was not the salesman that Joe was.

"You and your brother must be very near of an age," I remarked.

"Why, we're twins!" she answered in the surprised tones of one who had seldom met anybody unacquainted with this fact. "That's why we're raising turkeys. I mean, we're both ready for high school, and we can't get there unless we have horses to ride. The money we make we're going to buy two with and the feed. You see, Joe wouldn't go without me nor I wouldn't go without him, so we've got to make money enough for two horses." She dropped her voice, as if awed by what she was about to say. "We think we may make a profit of more than a hundred and seventy-five dollars. We've got to go on doing it, too, every year, or we can't go to college. Joe's been reading figures about how much more college men make than men who don't go to college, so we've decided on that, as well." She nodded her head with perfect assurance, as if with them to resolve were the same as to perform.

I looked at her with an admiration which would have embarrassed her had she noticed it. But I was a thing of no consequence. Beneath her animation lay, in truth, the same impersonality, the same aloofness, which spoke out in the surly manner of her brother. But what a sense of power they gave me, those two youngsters! No man of the world could go about his particular task with more dignity, precision, and confidence than Joe showed. And Joanna (so I called her, never knowing her true name) had brains, and a beauty that expressed them. She had arrived just by clearness of intellect at a sound economic vision of extension work as it is carried on by the Federal Department of Agriculture and the State colleges co-operating in two thousand and three hundred of the two thousand nine hundred and thirty-six counties in the United States. She had perceived at least the material values rendered again by the scientific production of foods, their preservation and balanced use. Did she have also, however unformulated, a sense of the characters and the standards which the work is developing among the people—characters and standards of which she herself was so beautiful an expression?

In the distance I saw Joe returning, and I knew that my hour had tolled. Was there no crystal-gazing gypsy in this market-place who would read to me the future of Joe and Joanna? As I walked away with scarcely the amenity of a good-by, so absorbed was Joanna in Joe's approach, it seemed to me that I must know in what paths life was going to lead those two children.

And then a great faith overtook me. Always they would be under the guardianship of this movement, this extension education, whose class-room is as large as experience and gathers all ages together to study what never is completely learned; a school where pupils are also teachers and teachers pupils and where Joes and Joannas are continually growing wiser themselves and instructing others.

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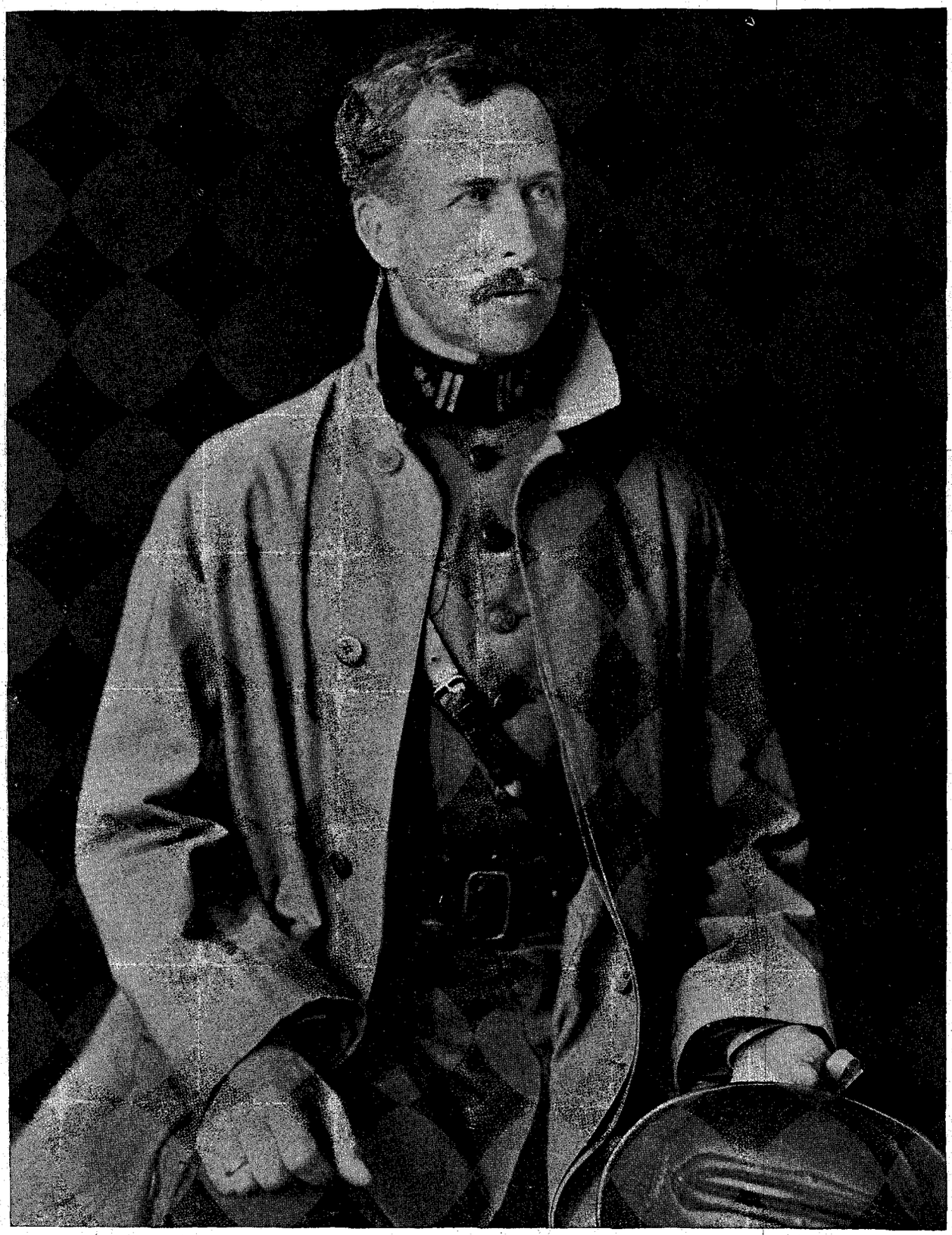
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Paul Thompson

A REIGNING MONARCH WHO HELPED TO SAVE THE WORLD FOR DEMOCRACY AND WHO HAS RECEIVED THE HEARTIEST WELCOME IN AMERICA—ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS

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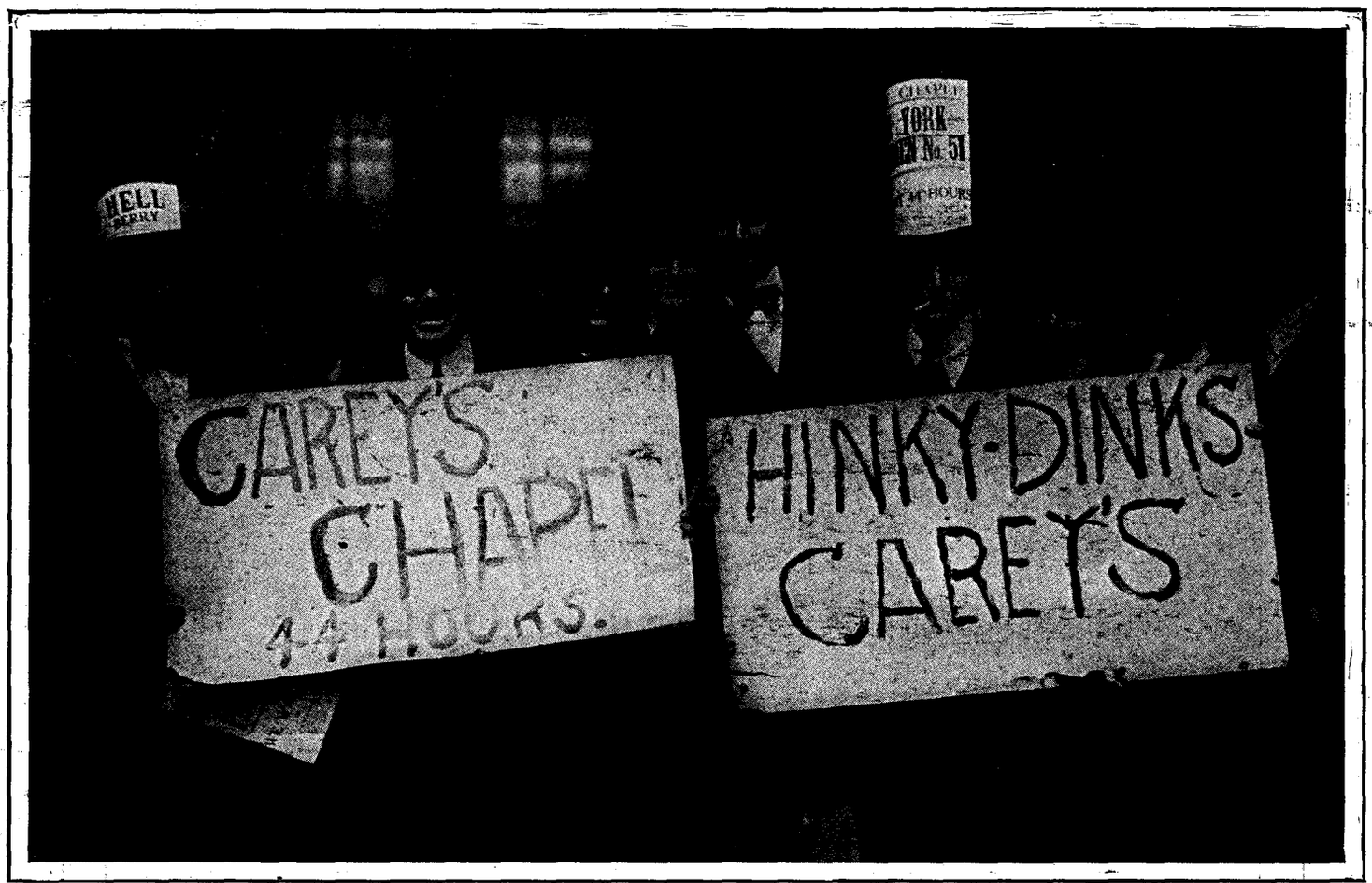


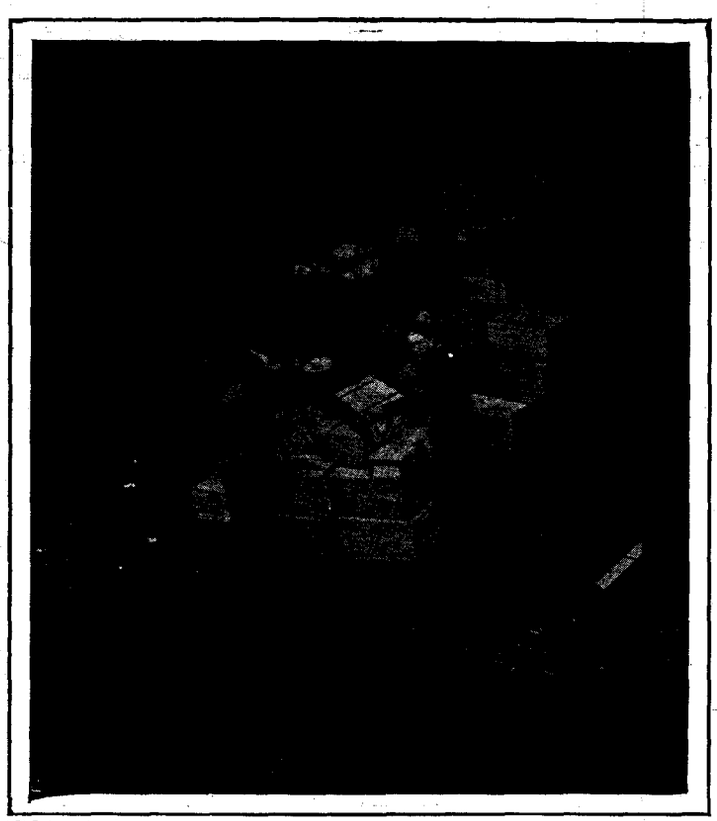
Press Illustrating Service

PRESSMEN AND FEEDERS OF LOCAL UNIONS IN NEW YORK CITY ON STRIKE

These men left their work October 1 in defiance of the orders of their international officers. A "chapel" (see the placard in the picture) is a printers' term for the organization of employees in each individual office

(C) International

STEEL WORKERS OF THE ILLINOIS STEEL COMPANY CHEERING THE NEWS OF THE CALLING OF THE STRIKE



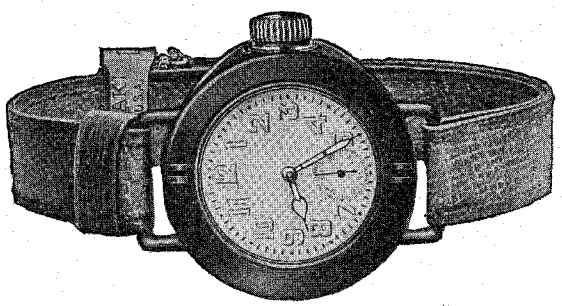
(C) International

SOLDIERS LOADING SUPPLIES ON TRANSPORTS DURING THE LONGSHOREMEN'S STRIKE IN NEW YORK CITY

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC—TYPICAL SCENES DURING THE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Waltham Movement



Prestige Accuracy

The Depollier Waterproof and Dustproof Strap Watch

FIELD AND MARINE

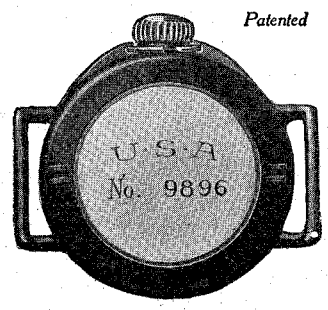
Registered U. S. Pat. Off.

The Depollier Waterproof Case now adopted by the Signal Corps of the United States Army for the saving of watch movements purchased during the war and for future use. Ordinary strap watches were not constructed to withstand the wear and tear of field duty.

A heat-insulated disk protects the delicate movement from the injurious body heat of the arm, which has a tendency to dry or gum up the watch oil.

Waterproof Oxidized Case with 14-k Solid Gold Disk on Back and 15-J Waltham Movement - - $45.00

Patented



Stamped U. S. A. only for the U. S. Army

Write for Booklet

JACQUES DEPOLLIER & SON

Manufacturers of High Class Specialties for Waltham Watches

15 Maiden Lane - New York, N. Y.

Dubois Watch Case Company, Established 1877

There are 3 ways of getting The Outlook

One is to drop over every Wednesday evening to the home of some friend who subscribes for it.

One is to buy it at the newsdealer's every week for 10 cents a copy.

The other is to send $4 for a year's subscription to

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A Successful Experiment in Co-operation (Continued)

"state of mind" was there. I've often tried to analyze why it was, and perhaps my idea may be interesting: It was a part of the war phenomena. Like the Pittsburgh steel worker who to save a fellow-workman's life lifted a steel billet which he couldn't budge when no life was at stake, the war made necessary many "impossible" things, and that's all there was to it.

Plans were tentatively worked out for an advertising campaign for National parks and vacation resorts to cover a year's time, to be directed by the various Regional Passenger Traffic Committees. After numerous meetings a final one was held in New York on May 1, at which time the plan was launched, the entire ground of preparation, layout, schedules, even to giving out the first copy for the entire United States, having been accomplished between March 17 and May 1.

Since that date the advertising has been running on regular schedule throughout the United States. It ran briskly during the summer season, and then most of it was suspended until this time and during the winter and early spring, when the winter resorts are being advertised.

The working out of the details among the various agencies has been interesting.

As stated, the advertising for each region was arranged and is directed by the Passenger Traffic Committee of that region.

Orders are issued and sent through one of the advertising agents in its own section, together with pattern plates, to each of the agencies for its particular section of the country. Hence a periodical anywhere, generally speaking, deals with but one advertising agency on the combined advertising, receiving all orders from and sending all bills to this agency, which in turn checks and bills to the various Regional Committees.

An important committee whose work came largely at the beginning of the campaign and which was done with great effectiveness was the Press Relations Committee. It was the business of this Committee to aid in making up the lists so as to be as fair as possible to all the periodicals with the amount of money available, and to ask those who did not get advertising or who did not get all they wanted to put personal feelings aside and look upon it in the broad spirit and uphold the present experiment for its results in the future.

PUBLISHERS CO-OPERATED MAGNIFICENTLY

In other words, a minority of the periodicals of the United States, and a small minority, was given this entire patronage, and all publishers were asked to co-operate with this minority and the railways to make the experiment a success.

That they have done so and that we have yet to see or hear of any real exhibition of bad taste or aggressive wire-pulling, or even grieved disappointment, brings within the proved ground of this experiment in co-operation the publishing fraternity as well as the advertising agency and railway fraternity.

WORK OF RAILWAY MEN INDISPENSABLE

One cannot properly let the work of the advertising agency committees go by, however, without paying a tribute to the railway advertising men, with whom these committees came mostly into contact. These men have been tireless, courteous, effective, in the extreme, and without their

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THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

THE surest clue to motoring satisfaction is an owner's enthusiasm. The owner of the average car displays it occasionally—whenever he happens to get a few more miles from his tires than the maker guarantees, or a little more distance than usual from his gasoline, or when he covers more ground in a day's driving than he thought he could.

Franklin Sedan owners are always enthusiastic motorists, because they continually get and often exceed:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

But their records of economy are not the only things they are enthusiastic about. What counts as much with Franklin Sedan owners is their ability to out-tour the average touring car and at the same time enjoy a riding comfort, ease of control and safety in handling, which leaves them unfatigued at the end of a full day's run. Also—freedom from punctures, blowouts and other tire accidents.

All of this is the result of Franklin Light Weight and Flexible Construction, the same principles that give Franklin economy.

Also, Franklin owners tell you that they would never give up the benefits of Direct Air Cooling (no water to boil or freeze)—that they will never go back to the draining of radiators, the using of anti-freeze mixtures in winter, or the watching of thermometers in summer.

And they know from experience that the Wide Observation Windows, giving unobstructed outlook, the two Wide Doors, increasing riding view and making access easy, and the Slanting V-shaped Windshield, giving broadest driving vision, combine to make the Franklin Sedan structurally the most practical enclosed car.

Realization of the satisfaction created by Franklin principles is the reason why Franklin Sedan sales are increasing faster than those of any other fine car.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A PROMINENT UNITED STATES CIRCUIT JUDGE WRITES:

"During 14,970 miles I have never had a single puncture, blowout or engine trouble of any kind stop me for ten seconds on the highway, and I have not loafed either. Have toured Maine, the White Mountains, and upon other occasions the car has travelled some very rough roads."

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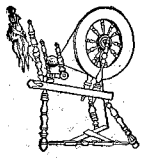
McCutcheon's Household Linens



Reg. Trade-Mark

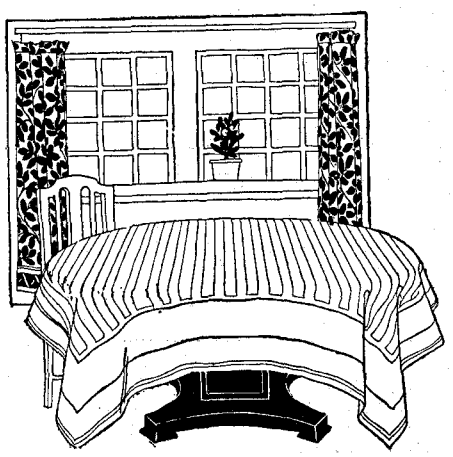
We are convinced after careful investigation that Linen prices are likely to go up during the coming year and earnestly urge our patrons to purchase Household Linens *now.*

Damask Table Linens

Our stocks in this department have just been replenished with fresh Linens. These are from the best manufacturers and include many designs which have been great favorites in the past.

Napkins

20 and 22 in. square, $7.25 to 32.00 doz.
24 to 27 in. square, $9.00 to 55.00 doz.



Cloths

2 x 2 yards, $7.75 to 27.00 each.
2 x 2½ yards, $8.75 to 34.00 each.
2¼ x 2¼ yards, $9.50 to 47.50 each.
2½ x 2½ yards, $11.50 to 52.50 each.
Longer lengths at proportionate prices.

Pure Linen Towels

Guest or Individual Towels of pure Linen $7.50 to 15.00 dozen.

Bath Towels, Bath Sheets and Bath Mats in full assortment.

Bed Linens

Sheets and Pillow Cases in the medium and best grades of pure Linen.

Decorative Linens

Our Fancy Linen Department is prepared to serve practically every need for Fancy Linens.

Luncheon Sets of 25 pieces, round, square, oval and oblong $12.50 to 325.00 set.

Luncheon and Dinner Cloths $75.00 to 750.00 each.

Tea Cloths from Ireland, France, Italy, Japan, Madeira, China, Fayal Islands, and Spain.

James McCutcheon & Co.

The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Sts., New York

A Successful Experiment in Co-operation (Continued)

relating to freight was determined upon, and it was decided also to call upon the three Regional Passenger Traffic Committees for recommendations for increasing passenger traffic. When made, the fundamentals of these recommendations were all the same: First, let the people know that the embargo on passenger travel was lifted; second, advertise National parks and resorts and encourage holiday travel.

Sound advice. The Administration would adopt it. It was the sort of advice they had hoped for. Yet how should it be done? Could the railways engage indiscriminately in the old-style advertising of competing points and competing trains, filling one part of the country with more advertising than could possibly pay and another section, like Mother Hubbard's dog, getting none? Would such advertising be placed direct by some railways and through advertising agencies by other railways, as had been their custom in days past, and none know what the others were doing?

No. The Government must have co-operation—must have "working together" in railway advertising. So Mr. Fort called to Washington the Regional Passenger Traffic Committees and the advertising agencies which in the past had had the most experience in railway advertising. They gathered there on March 17, the anniversary, according to tradition, of another historical character who was unbound by precedent, and to them Mr. Fort and Mr. Claggett outlined the situation.

Addressing first the Regional Passenger Traffic Committee, Mr. Fort asked: "Can we take one million dollars of the Government's money and expend it profitably in advertising to produce passenger revenues—spend it on a strictly business basis without the injection of politics, spend it to advertise the National parks and resorts of the entire Nation as a whole, giving every section advertised, as well as every section advertised to, an equally square deal?"

The Passenger Traffic Committees stated that they had no doubt of it.

ADVERTISING WORK MUST BE CO-OPERATIVE

Then, addressing the advertising agents, Mr. Fort asked: "Can you gentlemen take this appropriation and expend it for these Regional Passenger Traffic Committees in the manner we have just discussed and co-operate with each other and with each Regional Committee under their direction and attain this result efficiently, harmoniously, and without embarrassing the Railroad Administration?"

The reply was another prompt "Yes," following which Mr. Fort and the railway officials retired to confer about details from their standpoint, leaving the representatives of the seven advertising agencies to confer regarding methods of making good their readily given promise.

Around the table in a conference room in the Inter-State Commerce Building sat fourteen or fifteen representatives of seven advertising agencies from New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and Jacksonville, Florida.

Most of them had not even known the errand on which they had been requested to come to Washington. Many had never met before. Some had met each other in bitter competition. But the co-operative

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not all monuments are granite—
some are Asbestos

AMID the smoldering embers of many a conflagration, there stands such a monument to fire prevention. Scarred and grimy, perhaps, but virtually undamaged.

And why?

Almost always the self-salvaged building has been defended by more than fire-proof walls—because roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing—which is so fire-resistant that it gives full protection, even when laid over inflammable roofing construction.

There is a terrible sameness in the history of all fires that spread. They start as inside blazes—and grow big—feeding on roofs that burn.

So select your roofing, no matter what the building, with a clear sense of the fire danger and with the knowledge that your roofing will endure against time and weather.

This is a specification that only Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing will fill—in the fullest sense.

There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for the protection of every type of building. Read the list below and decide now which one you will select to limit your fire hazard.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO. New York City *10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities*

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings: Asbestone, Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

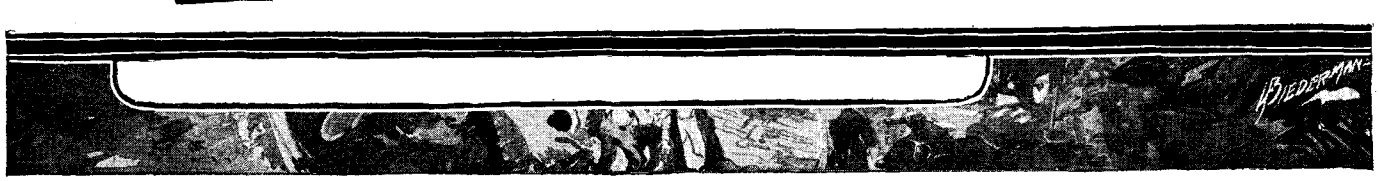
Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION *that keeps the heat where it belongs*
CEMENTS *that make boiler walls leak-proof*
ROOFINGS *that cut down fire risks*
PACKINGS *that save power waste*
LININGS *that make brakes safe*
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation



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A steady income from wisely selected securities would help make your later years your best years. Regular investment, even with limited funds, builds well for the future.

A Habit that improves with age

BONDS are the golden milestones of the thrifty. The habit of careful investment mounts up income for you year by year. Your maturing interest is there to greet you as time goes on.

What securities will you choose? To whom will you turn for experienced advice?

You may find near at hand one of our Correspondent Offices. At any one of these, experienced bond men will give you personal attention, practical helpful service, and definite recommendations of carefully chosen securities, whether you are already an investor or wish now to start the habit and start right.

Many of the country's banks, institutions and experienced individual investors — consult regularly our monthly list of securities. It will be sent upon request for Z-111.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY — NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING — NEW YORK

A National Investment Service

More than 50 Correspondent Offices connected by over 10,000 miles of private wires.

BONDS
SHORT TERM NOTES
PREFERRED
STOCKS

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATION

BY H. E. LESAN

SOME clever writer—I think it was Mary Hopkins—once stated in a magazine article, "Christmas is not a season; it's a state of mind."

So is co-operation a state of mind. It means "operating together," and nothing else. Profit-sharing, bonus systems, health insurance, welfare work, sick benefits, old age pensions, all indicate a better state of mind than there used to be between capital and labor—at least a better state of mind than capital used to have toward labor; but they don't necessarily cover the vital point of "working together," the really necessary state of mind.

They do not always, perhaps do not usually, establish the desired confidence and good feeling on the part of employees that they are intended by the employers to inspire.

Now take the many plans for the future of the railways, for instance. What are they but efforts, though perhaps crude efforts, to express a new state of mind in the direction of co-operation?

The Outlook has asked for a story about a proof of real co-operation, which was furnished this year in the advertising done by the United States Railroad Administration through three Regional Passenger Traffic Committees and seven advertising agencies.

I shall tell the story, and then frankly, if I can get by with it, attempt to get before the jury some more propaganda for further co-operation in industry, and for its necessity in the solution of the world's present pressing and vital industrial and sociological problems.

The armistice had been signed. Feverish shipments of great quantities of war materials were no longer necessary. Freight tonnage was dropping rapidly. A public which had made prompt and loyal response to the earlier appeals of the Railroad Administration to curtail pleasure travel as much as possible during the war did not know that the exigency had passed, and passenger revenues were badly off. And everybody knows to what point wages and the prices of materials had gone.

HOW COULD PASSENGER REVENUES BE INCREASED?

At Washington the Director-General, Mr. Hines, and his Assistant, Mr. Claggett, and the Director of Traffic, Mr. Chambers, and the Assistant Director, Mr. Fort, conferred regarding what might be done to increase revenues. Certain action

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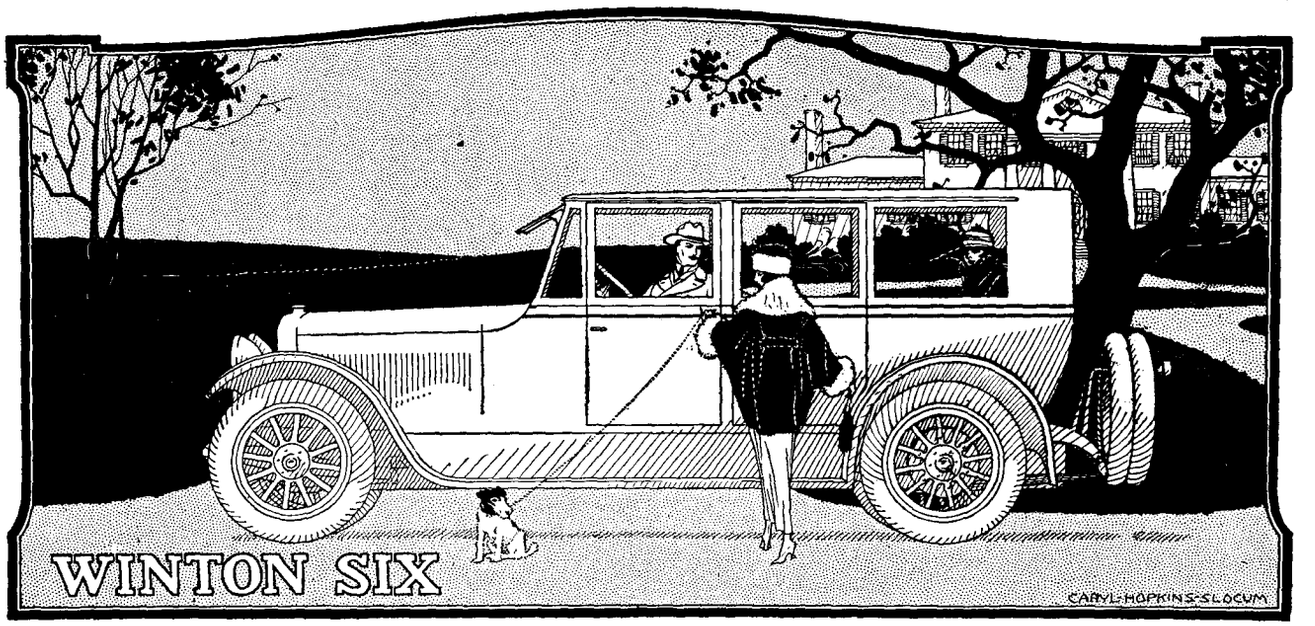

Smart and Graceful

Victoria
Sedan
Town Car
Limousine

THO the closed car is always in season, it is particularly essential after summer passes. Winton Six closed cars are especially noteworthy this fall. Our surprising new motor makes them as fleet and graceful in action as they are smart and appealing in design. Whether you prefer victoria, sedan, town car or limousine, you will find your ideal awaiting you in a Winton Six closed car. Insure early delivery by booking your order promptly. May we send you literature?

The Winton Company

102 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio

Winton Oil Engines for belt drive, to be used in isolated power plants, and Winton Oil Engine Generating Sets are manufactured by the Winton Company in a separate, splendidly equipped engine-building plant. Write us your needs.

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FAME

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

When I was a child and sang as a child,
The children came not near me;
But the old and wise they gathered round
To touch my flute and hear me.

Now I am old and sing to the old,
Never the old come near me;
But little children gather round
To touch my flute and hear me!

NATURALIZING SOLDIERS

BY DWIGHT L. MYERS, CHAPLAIN
Camp Morale Officer, Camp Custer, Michigan

Much has been said pro and con with reference to the foreigner in America and as to the probability of his understanding our institutions and Government. An idea of the work that has been done by the Bureau of Naturalization will shed light upon the Americanization work in the Army.

Thousands upon thousands of candidates have been naturalized in our army camps. The work has necessarily had to be so expeditiously done that it has excited a great deal of comment. When it is considered that it usually requires from two to seven years for one case to be finally disposed of in civil life, it is not to be wondered at that the people of this country have speculated more or less at the fact that hundreds of thousands of military naturalizations have taken place.

I would not convey the idea that the candidates for naturalization are corralled into the meeting and put through the naturalization mill like a flock of sheep. The greatest effort has been used to give these men a clear conception of the step that they are taking. It has been my privilege to act as vouching officer for thousands of aliens applying for citizenship papers, and the cases have been few in which the candidates have not been clearly instructed in outline about the basis of American government.

At one of my classes I asked this question: "Who makes the laws of this country?" Considerable humor was provoked from other members of the class when one fellow answered with strong, sincere tones, "Mr. Wilson and Secretary Baker." Not a few times George Washington received credit for discovering America, and Abraham Lincoln was named as the first President of the United States.

As each man goes through the "discharge mill," as it is commonly referred to, it is ascertained whether or not he is foreign born. He is then asked whether or not he has been naturalized, or if he claims to be naturalized by virtue of his father's naturalization. If he has not been naturalized, he is asked if he cares to take advantage of this privilege.

On a given date, when the Naturalization Board is to sit, the men report, and such information as is necessary as to their place of birth, permanent residence, family connections, etc., is secured, and a certificate of naturalization is filled out; this is signed by the soldier at the proper place for his signature.

It has been our experience that three per cent of the candidates for naturalization change their names. This is due primarily because the name is too difficult to pronounce. Usually the second name is changed; however, both names may be changed. As a rule some familiar name is chosen, or the former name is cut to four or five letters. That the men are justified in this procedure can be readily seen from the following examples: Albert Blasztiewicz; in this particular instance the candidate changed his name to Blatz. John Peter Coutsegiannepoules was certainly justified in changing his name; Demtise Carauien Syietis changed his name to Cary; Dionsios Demetrios Kalepanago took on the name of Kelly; Dimetrios Pappalsonslantenous, having nineteen letters in his last name, decided that it would be just a little more convenient for him to have his name cut down, therefore he took on the name of Pappal.

The question has been asked frequently, What nationality heads the list of applicants? We have gone into this matter very carefully, with the following results:

1, Russia (Poland, Finland); 2, Italy; 3, Great Britain; 4, Netherlands; 5, Austria; 6, Greece; 7, Belgium; 8, Sweden; 9, Germany; 10, Turkey (Armenia, Syria, Macedonia); 11, Rumania; 12, Norway; 13, France; 14, Brazil; 15, Mexico; 16, Denmark; 17. Switzerland; 18, Portugal.

CANDIDATES BEING SWORN IN, CHAPLAIN DWIGHT L. MYERS STANDING AT THE RIGHT
Of the ten thousand soldiers naturalized at Camp Custer Chaplain Myers has examined almost all

Cultivating the Power of Expression

The faculty of expression may be cultivated from the moment a child learns to write.

The power of lucidity that lies in a spoken or written thought depends upon the ability to express that thought.

Are you giving your children the opportunity to develop this latent talent?

Give them

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

and encourage them to write down their thoughts on any subject.

You will find that you have not only furnished the incentive, but that you are laying a foundation for one of their biggest assets in later life in either a commercial or professional career, namely, The Power of Expression.

With Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen in hand, one is rarely too young and never too old to begin cultivating The Power of Expression.

THREE TYPES

Regular, Safety and Self-Filling

$2.50 and up

At Best Dealers

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago San Francisco

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"The Tyrant," is also reproduced in this column, below.

Certainly if the chief end of picture-making is the telling of a story, Mr. Roosevelt's sketches belong in the realm of art. It is not too much to say that they do possess some of that vigor of outline which we are accustomed to praise so highly in the works of primitive man. In a letter to the little daughter of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, illustrated by similar drawings to those reproduced in this article, Mr. Roosevelt wrote: "Your father will tell you that these are pictures of the UNPOLISHED STONE PERIOD." And the artist's estimate of his work was, like most of his self-analysis, exceedingly accurate.

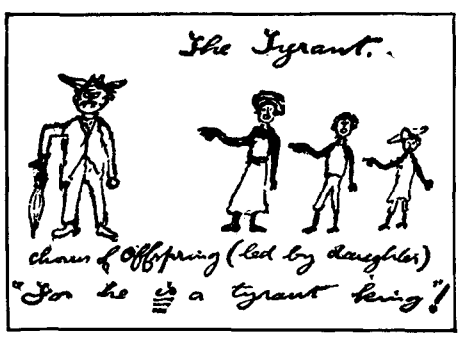
This volume of letters is not only of interest for its illuminating picture of Mr. Roosevelt in his home, but also for its vivid portraits of his children themselves. Perhaps the portrait that will linger longest in the mind of the reader is that of Quentin as it is developed in letter after letter to Quentin and Mr. Roosevelt's other children. Nor will this be true solely because Quentin's death on the battlefields of France came home to all Americans as a personal loss.

We cannot resist the temptation to reprint here one letter giving an account of Quentin's adventurous life in the White House, which throws light on a number of things, from Congressmen to king snakes:

White House, Sept. 28, 1907.

Dearest Archie:

Before we left Oyster Bay Quentin had collected two snakes. He lost one, which did not turn up again until an hour before our departure, when he found it in one of the spare rooms. This one he left loose, and brought the other one to Washington, there being a variety of exciting adventures on the way; the snake wriggling out of his box once, and being upset on the floor once. The first day home Quentin was not allowed to go to school but to go about and renew all his friendships. Among other places that he visited was Schmid's animal store, where he left his little snake. Schmid presented him with three snakes, simply to pass the day with—a large and beautiful and very friendly king snake and two little wee snakes. Quentin came hurrying back on his roller skates and burst into the room to show me his treasures. I was discussing certain matters with the Attorney-General at the time, and the snakes were eagerly deposited in my lap. The king snake, by the way,



THE TAIL-PIECE OF A LETTER TO ETHEL ROOSEVELT FROM HER FATHER

although most friendly with Quentin, had just been making a resolute effort to devour one of the smaller snakes. As Quentin and his menagerie were an interruption to my interview with the Department of Justice, I suggested that he go into the next room, where four Congressmen were drearily waiting until I should be at leisure. I thought that he and his snakes would probably enliven their waiting time. He at once fell in with the suggestion and rushed up to the Congressmen with the assurance that he would there find kindred spirits. They at first thought the snakes were wooden ones, and there was some perceptible recoil when they realized they were alive. Then the king snake went up Quentin's sleeve—he was three or four feet long—and we hesitated to drag him back because his scales rendered that difficult. The last I saw of Quentin, one Congressman was gingerly helping him off with his jacket, so as to let the snake crawl out of the upper end of the sleeve.

The reader will lay down Mr. Roosevelt's letters to his children with a knowledge that he has been privileged to have had in his hands a great biographical document. We do not think its like can be found in the whole range of literature.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Mary Olivier: A Life. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, New York.

By a countless number of terse memory-pictures in this fictitious Life (note that Miss Sinclair calls it a Life rather than a novel) we are shown in rapid glimpses the episodes or incidents in Mary Olivier's childhood, education, family, and social environment that molded her character and opinions. Heredity plays a considerable part, for there was morbidity, in one case reaching to insanity, in her family. Mary herself is precocious; she was talking about Spinoza and Kant and Pantheism and reading the Encyclopædia Britannica while she was a mere child. Her impressions and recollections are set forth curtly and without much interpretation. The book might almost be called "The Story of an Uncomfortable Family," for suppressed jealousy of one another's love, or suppressed emotionalism, or suppressed longing for maternity, or some other suppression of natural feeling, was always interfering with mutual affection. Excessive religiosity on the one side and rebellion and free thinking on the other helped on the discomfort. The result is not precisely pleasing, but it provokes curiosity and it is singularly real. Mary, with all her peculiarities, stands out as an individual woman worth studying—an enigma, but of the utmost actuality. The novel, for after all it is a novel in its own way, is a triumph of intense impressionism and painstaking workmanship. It has at once taken its place as one of the most important (and most puzzling) works of fiction of the season.

Querrils (The). By Stacy Aumonier. The Century Company, New York.

A thoroughly well written story, agreeable to read and also possessed of an undercurrent of wise social philosophy. The Querrils are a family of kindly optimists who stand together in affection, are truly English in their aversion to the display of sentiment, and are always ready to close up ranks against misfortune. A friend of the family coins the word "Querriling" to indicate their amiable view of life. Suddenly two tragedies befall them—first, the conviction and imprisonment of one of their number on a hideous charge of which he is not guilty, although he has made a slip morally; and, secondly, war and death. Their conduct in adversity is sympathetically treated.

Taking the Count. By Charles E. Van Loan. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

Mr. Van Loan was the O. Henry of sport. His tales of baseball, golf, horse-racing, and prize-fighting, moreover, have so much human nature, fun, and shrewdness in them that they are hugely enjoyed by readers who hardly know a race horse from a milch cow, and who never saw or want to see a prize-fight. These posthumous tales of the ring are entertaining and clever.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Story of the Revolution (The). By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A library edition in one volume of a work originally published in two. It is an old and familiar story exceedingly well told. It is especially timely now, both because it gives interpretation to the great world war, and because it conveys an important lesson to those whose action will determine whether the next decade will be one of industrial revolution or industrial evolution. There are among those who now hold the purse-strings in this Nation men of both types—that of Lord North and that of the Earl of Chatham. The welfare of the American people for the next quarter of a century largely depends on the question which of these two types the money power accepts as its leader.

BIOGRAPHY

J. William White, M.D. A Biography. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This is the sort of book that one takes up to glance through for ten minutes or so and then reads steadily to the end. It gives an admirable picture of a man well worthy of his biographer's skill. Miss Repplier's reputation as a writer of charm and distinction will be enhanced by this delightful contribution to biographical literature.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

California Desert Trails. By J. Smeaton Case. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

The fascination that the desert exercises over impressionable minds is evinced by the increasing number of books devoted to it. Mr. Chase's volume deals less with the poetical or imaginative aspects of the desert than is the case with some books that have appeared, but it is extremely readable as a narrative of personal experience and adventure during a two years' sojourn in the desert regions of California.

White Shadows in the South Seas. By Frederick O'Brien. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

A twentieth-century "Typee." Readers who have been fascinated by that old-time story of the South Seas by Herman Melville will quickly fall under the spell of this unusual book. It is a narrative of travel that in parts reads like a romance. The descriptions of native life and customs are vivid and sometimes very plain-spoken, the accounts of adventure are often thrilling, and the photographic illustrations are exceptionally good.

SCIENCE

Water in Nature. By W. Coles Finch and Ellison Hawks. Illustrated. ("Romance of Reality" Series.) T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd., London.

There is so much interesting matter in this book that one regrets that it had to be printed on cheap—perhaps in these days one should rather say poor—paper. Any one who is interested in natural phenomena will find fascinating reading in this résumé of popular science.

MISCELLANEOUS

Making of a Flower Garden (The). By Ida D. Bennett. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This is a plainly written book which every woman who likes to raise flowers will find helpful in a high degree. The pictures are well chosen and really illustrate the text.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN[1]

IN May, 1915, Mr. Roosevelt was in Syracuse on no pleasant mission. He was the defendant in a libel suit brought by William Barnes. To friends of Mr. Roosevelt who sat day after day in the court-room, still, despite the sinking of the Lusitania, a center of National attention, it seemed that all the legal technicalities of the situation were favoring the unsmiling plaintiff, whose hatred of Mr. Roosevelt had led him into this attempt to rehabilitate his own reputation and to blacken the name of his opponent. At the end of one exhausting day, spent by the attorneys of Mr. Barnes in a rehashing of political letters written by the defendant in the early days of his public career and spent by the same defendant as he sat under the very eyes of the Court in an absorbed re-reading of "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes, two or three of Mr. Roosevelt's friends were discussing the discouraging progress of the trial on the veranda of Mr. Horace Wilkinson's home. The exclusion of testimony favorable to Mr. Roosevelt and the latitude allowed the attorneys for Mr. Barnes under the rules of evidence had cast a decided gloom upon the group.

Then Mr. Roosevelt came downstairs, dropped into a chair, and said: "Do you know what meant more to me than anything else in the trial to-day?" He paused, and then went on: "There was not a single thing in all those old letters of mine that I am ashamed to have my children read."

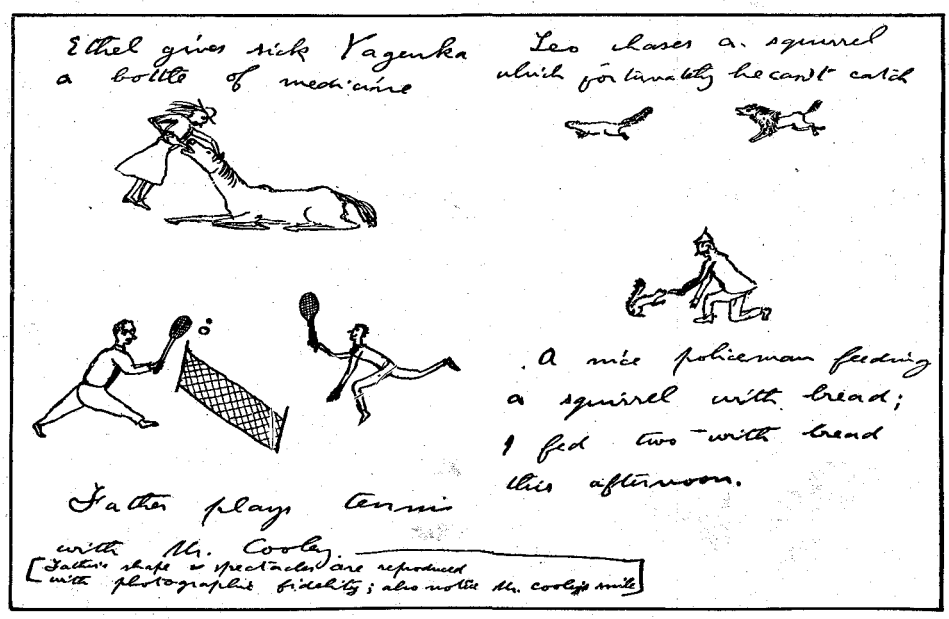
This picture of Mr. Roosevelt came vividly before the reviewer's eyes when he picked up the volume "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children" and read in Mr. Bishop's admirable preface:

> Deep and abiding love of children, of family and home, that was the dominating passion of his life. With that went love for friends and fellow-men, and for all living things, birds, animals, trees, flowers, and nature in all its moods and aspects. But love of children and family and home was above all.

In no other work of biographical material concerning Mr. Roosevelt has this truth been made so evident as in this collection of letters. Mr. Roosevelt himself speaks from every page. In this volume the reader may find a picture of Mr. Roosevelt as only his most intimate friends knew him. And even his friends will find here side-lights upon his character which come with the force of a new revelation.

The salient feature of these letters to his children is well defined by Mr. Bishop in his Introduction:

> From the youngest to the eldest, he wrote to them always as his equals. As they advanced in life the mental level of intercourse was raised as they grew in intelligence and knowledge, but it was always as equals that he addressed them. He was always their playmate and boon companion, whether they were toddling infants taking their first faltering steps, or growing schoolboys, or youths standing at the threshold of life. Their games were his games, their joys those of his own heart. He was ready to romp with them in the old barn at Sagamore Hill, play "tickley" at bedtime, join in their pillow fights, or play hide and seek with them, either at Sagamore Hill or in the White House. He was the same chosen and joyous companion always and everywhere.
>
> It was because he at heart regarded it as "great fun" and was in complete accord with the children that they delighted in him as a playmate. In the same spirit, in January, 1905, he took a squad of nine boys, including three of his own, on what they called a "scramble" through Rock Creek Park, in Washington, which meant traversing the most difficult places in it. The boys had permission to make the trip alone, but they insisted upon his company. "I am really touched," he wrote afterward to the parents of two of the visiting boys, "at the way in which your children as well as my own treat me as a friend and playmate. It has its comic side. They were all bent upon having me take them; they obviously felt that my presence was needed to give zest to the entertainment. I do not think that one of them saw anything incongruous in the President's getting as bedaubed with mud as they got, or in my wiggling and clambering around jutting rocks, through cracks, and up what were really small cliff faces, just like the rest of them; and whenever any one of them beat me at any point, he felt and expressed simple and whole-hearted delight, exactly as if it had been a triumph over a rival of his own age.


Ethel gives sick Kagenka a bottle of medicine
Leo chases a squirrel which of course he can't catch
A nice policeman feeding a squirrel with bread; I fed two with bread this afternoon.
Father plays tennis with Mr. Cooley
[Father's shape & spectacles are reproduced with photographic fidelity; also note Mr. Cooley's smile]

THE CENTER PAGES OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO HIS DAUGHTER ETHEL IN JUNE 1904

To his children as well as to his Nation he was, in Mrs. Robinson's phrase, "our greatest companion," and to be a real companion of others is one of the most difficult of life's relationship. It implies trust, tolerance, understanding, and, perhaps above all, respect for individuality. All these qualities Mr. Roosevelt showed in every letter to his children.

A typical example of his trust in his children, of his faith in them, of his understanding helpfulness, which at no time infringed upon the freedom of their spirits, is to be found in a letter which he wrote to his son Theodore when he entered Harvard as a freshman. The occasion which called forth this letter is indicated clearly in its context.

White House, October 2, 1905.

Blessed Old Ted:

The thing to do is to go on just as you have evidently been doing, attract as little attention as possible, do not make a fuss about the newspaper men, camera creatures, and idiots generally, letting it be seen that you do not like them and avoid them, but not letting them betray you into any excessive irritation. I believe they will soon drop you, and it is just an unpleasant thing that you will have to live down. Ted, I have had an enormous number of unpleasant things that I have had to live down in my life at different times, and you have begun to have them now. I saw that you were not out on the football field on Saturday, and was rather glad of it, as evidently those infernal idiots were eagerly waiting for you, but whenever you do go you will have to make up your mind that they will make it exceedingly unpleasant for you once or twice, and you will just have to bear it; for you can never in the world afford to let them drive you away from anything you intend to do, whether it is football or anything else, and by going about your own business quietly and pleasantly, doing just what you would do if they were not there, generally they will get tired of it, and the boys themselves will see that it is not your fault, and will feel, if anything, rather a sympathy for you. Meanwhile I want you to know that we are all thinking of you and sympathizing with you the whole time; and it is a great comfort to me to have such confidence in you, and to know that though these creatures can cause you a little trouble and make you feel a little downcast, they cannot drive you one way or the other, or make you alter the course you have set out for yourself. . . .

This is just an occasion to show the stuff there is in you. Do not let these newspaper creatures and kindred idiots drive you one hair's breadth from the line you had marked out in football or anything else. Avoid any fuss, if possible.

What Mr. Bishop says of Mr. Roosevelt's ability to meet his children as equals is graphically illustrated, in the literal sense of the word, by some of the picture letters which Mr. Roosevelt sent to his children when their problems were simpler than those of his son Theodore at Harvard. The two center pages from a letter written to his daughter Ethel in 1904 are reproduced on this page, and the tail-piece of another letter written to his daughter Ethel, signed "Your affectionate father,

[1] Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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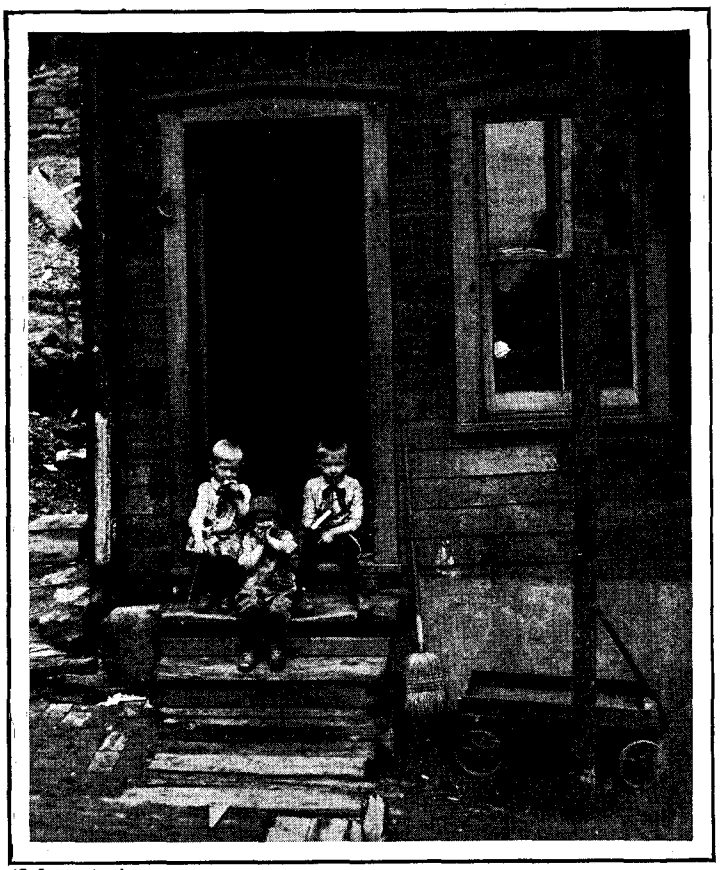
International

TROLLEY STRIKE IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—AN INNOCENT PASSENGER "BEATEN UP" FOR RIDING ON A CAR



(C) International

THE POOR HOME THAT IS MADE STILL POORER BY A STRIKE—A STEEL WORKER'S TENEMENT AND CHILDREN

(C) International

THE RECENT RAILWAY STRIKE IN ENGLAND—BRITISH SOLDIERS UNLOADING MAIL FROM CARS AT A RAILWAY STATION

UNPRECEDENTED LABOR TROUBLES OF RECENT WEEKS

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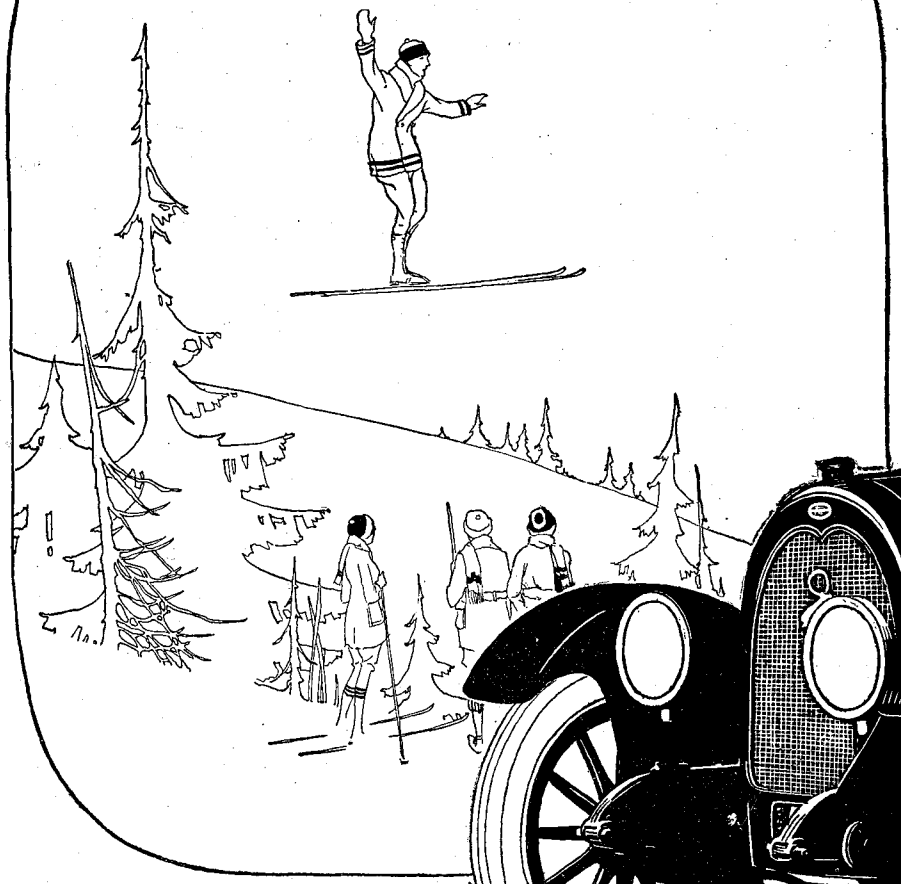
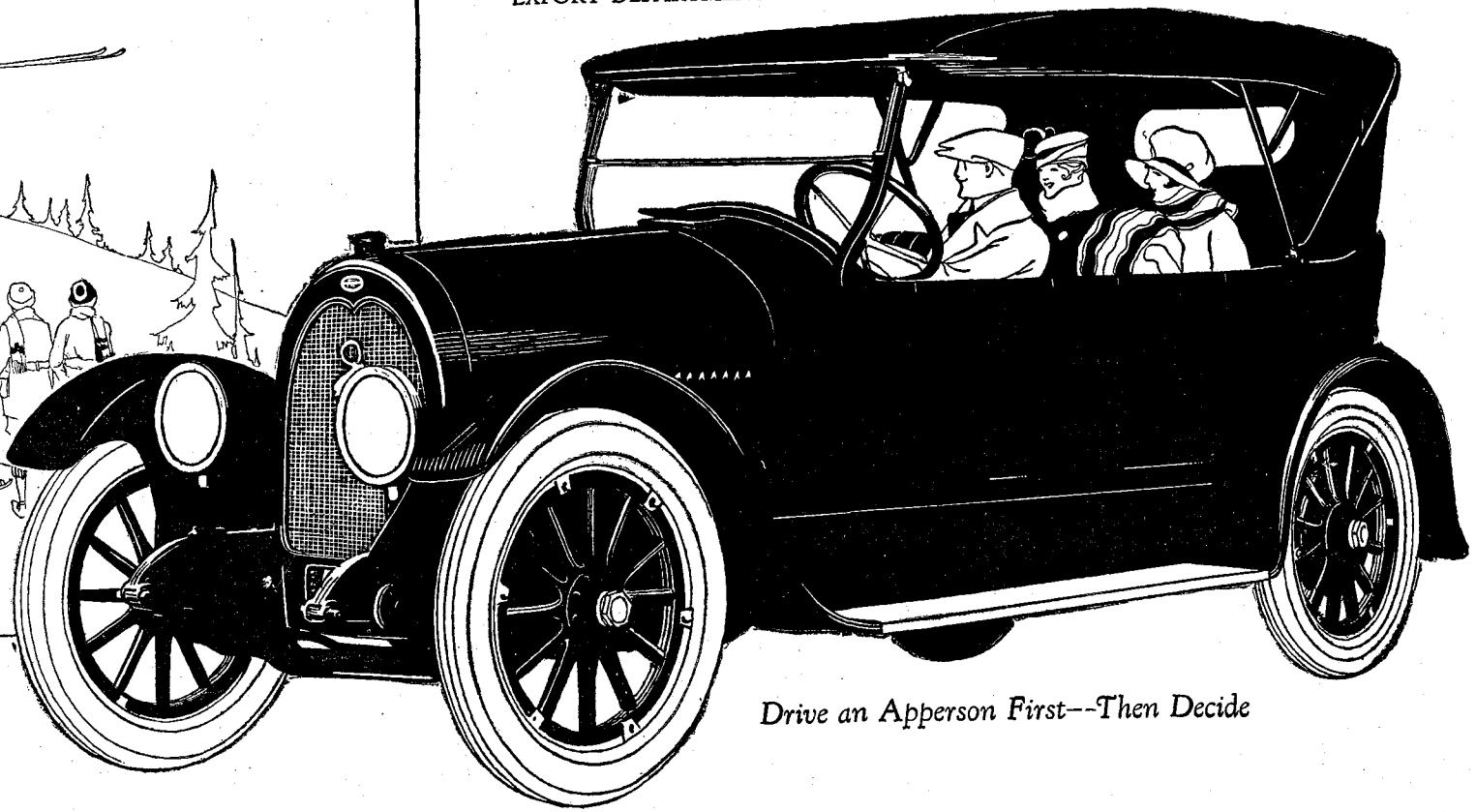
APPERSON

The Eight with Eighty Less Parts



DRIVE an Apperson *first*—then decide. Feel the thrill of a gliding acceleration in high of from 1 to 40 miles an hour in 20 seconds! Experience for yourself braking action that curbs speed from 40 miles per hour to a dead stop in 40 yards—4 seconds! Then note the unusual beauty of Apperson design—the master style creation of a master New York designer—combined with the rugged chassis construction for which the Apperson Brothers are famous. In an Apperson you will enjoy comfort and safety and power resulting from 26 years' leadership in automobile building. So try an Apperson first—then decide.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Manufacturers of Custom-Made Motor Cars
EXPORT DEPARTMENT—100 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH ST., NEW YORK



Drive an Apperson First--Then Decide

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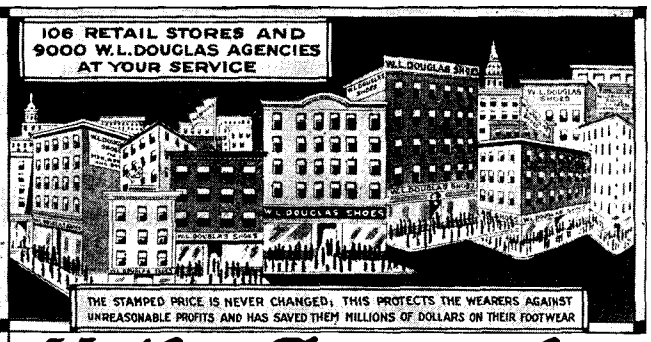
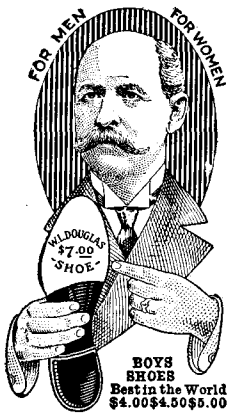

106 RETAIL STORES AND
9000 W.L.DOUGLAS AGENCIES
AT YOUR SERVICE
W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES
THE STAMPED PRICE IS NEVER CHANGED; THIS PROTECTS THE WEARERS AGAINST
UNREASONABLE PROFITS AND HAS SAVED THEM MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ON THEIR FOOTWEAR

W.L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$5.00 $6.00 $7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00

You can save money by wearing W.L. Douglas shoes, the best known shoes in the world. Sold by 106 W.L. Douglas own stores and over 9000 shoe dealers. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.



The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere — they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. By this method of marketing our shoes, W. L. Douglas gives the wearer shoes at the lowest possible cost.

W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are the leaders everywhere. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are made throughout of the finest leather the market affords, with a style endorsed by the leaders of America's fashion centers; they combine quality, style and comfort equal to other makes selling at higher prices.

W.L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with his name and price stamped on the bottom.

If W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be obtained in your vicinity, order direct from factory by mail, Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W.L. Douglas President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
167 Spark Street,
BROCKTON, MASS.

PARK HILL ON THE HUDSON, Yonkers, N. Y.

A most attractive property for sale. Two hundred feet frontage by one hundred and nineteen feet depth. Stone wall, beautiful trees and lawn, and delightful view of Hudson River and the Palisades. Charming twelve-room house, modern improvements, good repair. For terms and further information, address 867, Outlook.

A Successful Experiment in Co-operation (Continued)

labor and co-operation the campaign would have been impossible.

One of the most remarkable things in the whole campaign was the way in which these railway advertising men utilized the short time available to get out the booklets necessary for the campaign. It could not be done—on paper; but, like lots of other things which confronted the American spirit in the great war, "can't" was simply annihilated and the task accomplished.

THE CAMPAIGN A GREAT SUCCESS

Much of the story as told may be called technical to advertising men.

But the word which may be given to those who are not familiar with advertising is that this plan, for smoothness and economy of operation, results attained, and even artistic and literary merit, has not in my advertising observation ever been surpassed.

The million dollars brought returns which, so far as may be accurately judged, compare favorably with the advertising campaigns for similar purposes conducted by the individual railways under competitive conditions in which from three to five times the amount was expended.

Furthermore, it is the understanding of the writer that traffic officers of the United States Railroad Administration have recommended that railway advertising of National parks and resorts be continued in the future on this basis, whether railways remain in entire or quasi-Government control or go back to private ownership.

And now, having told the story as requested, I mean to try to get by some co-operative propaganda, as I warned I would.

In this co-operative campaign for the railways suspicion, jealousy, and distrust were practically eliminated from the state of mind of the advertising agencies and from the state of mind of the passenger officials, heretofore strongly competitive, perhaps deeply cautious if not suspicious of one another.

Why?

Because a co-operative state of mind, a "working together" state of mind, was compelled by circumstances; a higher authority guaranteed protection to each man's interests; the composite human mind put on its better behavior and rose to the best that was expected and demanded of it.

Can it be continued on the railways? Will it be? Can it be profitably applied to other lines of endeavor? Will it be?

What is done once, under no matter what circumstances, can be done again.

If it has been good to do, it should continue to be done. If it has been done in one industry, then it can be extended to others.

How much of these lessons of the war are we going to retain? How many of them do we think we want to retain? Do we believe that they can be continued under so-called ordinary conditions? How many of them may or must be fitted to relations between labor and capital?

I am glad to have seen in the co-operative railway advertising plan, as in other phenomena during the war, what to me was sufficient proof that when Labor and Capital and The People learn through logic that it is possible, or through suffering that it is necessary, for *all* to work together—then co-operation will arrive and remain.

For it is a state of mind.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

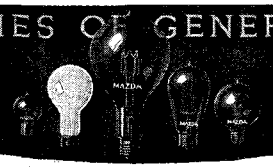
ALSO on this new lamp—the WHITE MAZDA—you find the mark of MAZDA Service. The high efficiency of this lamp, and the softened and gratefully mellowed brilliance of its light, are fresh indications of the fruitfulness of MAZDA Service in its constant search for better light.

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

47x-2

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



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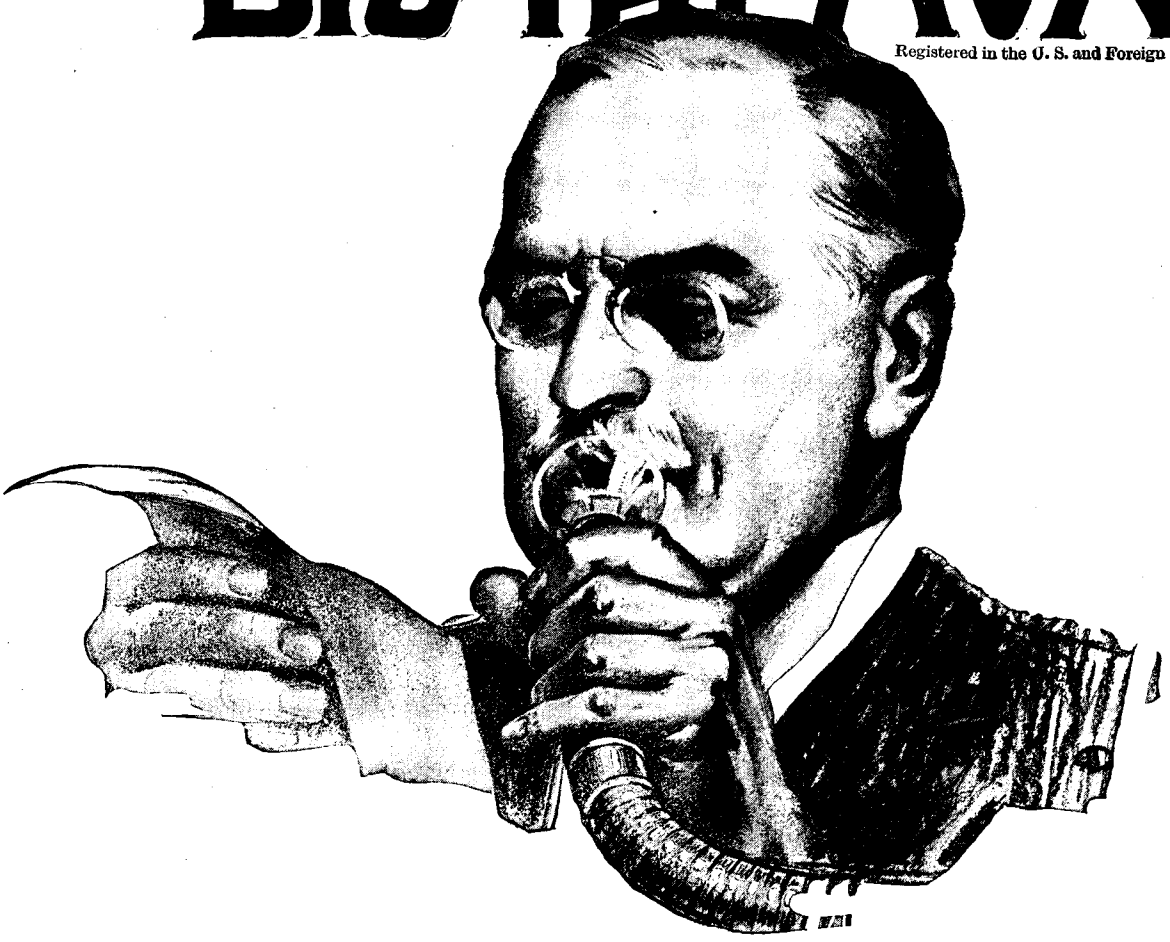
THE DICTAPHONE

Registered in the U. S. and Foreign Countries



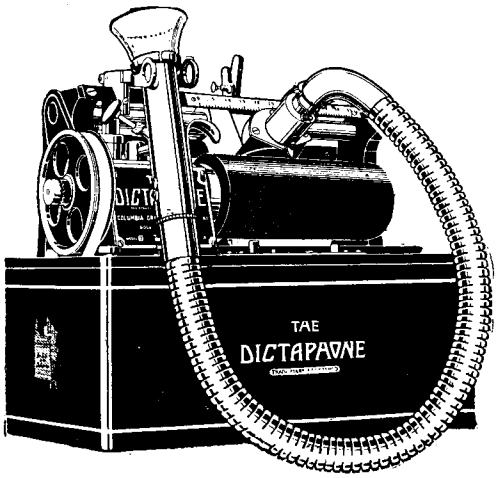
The Dictaphone on Any Kind of Letters Proves its Case in 15 Minutes

Get down to the fall and winter drive for business. Let The Dictaphone help you.

It's the best way to handle your daily rush of mail. A 15-minute demonstration will prove it to you in *your* office, on *your* work.

The demonstration is made with an actual Dictaphone, and won't interfere with office routine.

Make an appointment today by phoning or writing The Dictaphone branch office nearest you. Branches in all principal cities—see your telephone book.



THE DICTAPHONE

Dept. 118-J, Woolworth Bldg., New York City

Write for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"

There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

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THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

On Tuesday, September 2, I was with Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell on the Strathcona at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, when this telegram came:

> Please come as fast as you can to operate me in the throat and save my life.
>
> CAPT. J. N. COTÉ.

Captain Coté is in charge of the big lighthouse on Greenley Island, near Blanc Sablon, on the Strait of Belle Isle, just west of the line that divides Canadian Labrador from Newfoundland Labrador. The fog this year lasted with hardly a break to the 1st of September, and not until mid-June could the mail boat pierce the ice.

It is a run of one hundred miles from St. Anthony—a long diagonal across the strait, virtually certain to be beset with fogs or bergs or mountainous seas, perhaps all three. And Dr. Grenfell was receiving piteous letters that besought his presence at White Bay, on the opposite side of Newfoundland. One of them that now lies before me, after reciting the fact that the father of the family has caught $11 worth of fish this season, says, "We are all naked as birds."

Dr. Grenfell chose by far the longer and more dangerous course, and, with Mrs. Grenfell and the valorous sea-dog Fritz, we weighed anchor for Greenley Island and the keeper of the light, on whom so many lives depended.

The Strathcona carried all six sails of her ketch rig—mainsail, foresail, two jibs, two topsails. One of the topsails was oblong—the type they use in the North Sea—and the Doctor climbed to the crow's-nest himself, three rotten ratlines breaking under his feet, to see that it was set so as to use every ounce of its pulling power.

It was round this end of the island that Dr. Grenfell walked along the beach eighty miles last June, sleeping in wet clothes on the sand after he had made five attempts to get through the ice in his boat, and when he reached Flower's Cove, before Parson Richards had time to give him a cup of tea, Dr. Grenfell had to cut off a man's leg, and then he sat up all night administering sleeping potions to his patient.

On the present occasion the sea smiled truculently blue, and six icebergs were dim and distant as we neared Quirpon Tickle, which Newfoundlanders call "Carpoon." Fishermen's dories bobbed like corks in the lee of the rocks. I was at the wheel, and they were such cruel black rocks that my inclination was to give them a wide berth. But Dr. Grenfell thrust his bare head in at the wheel-house door and cried, "Run her so close to those rocks that you all but skin her."

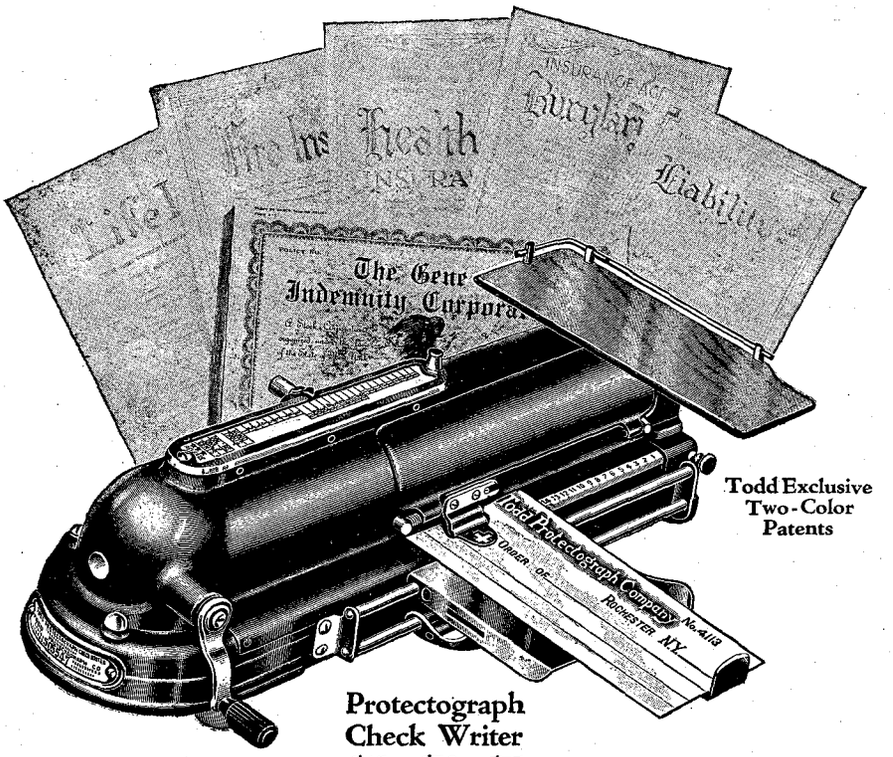
He was thinking of the keeper of the light.

We were burning coal at $24 a ton, because it was a capital emergency. At other times we used the wood-piles—spruce and fir and juniper—that fragrantly filled the deck and cured the air of the nauseating odor of decaying whale meat for the dogs.

The night closed down, the wind rose, the sea tossed furiously white, and it was not safe to make the run through the torturous S of the Tickle into the open strait. The Strathacona out of the lee of the land would have fought the sea all night and never gained an inch, as at Bonavista Bay.

But with the dawn we stole a march, and the Strathcona's bowsprit stabbed the morning stars.

Dr. Grenfell rose at two, at three, at four,



Protectograph
Check Writer
$45—$50—$75
9 other models and prices

Todd Check Forgery Policy

Insures All Your Other Insurance

(Todd Pays the Premium)

Todd Forgery Policy is an iron-clad Insurance Policy covering all forms of check fraud that affect the signer of a check.

Like all other insurance, you *need* it only for protection "in case of emergency." No bigger emergency ever faces the average business man than to find his bank account suddenly and mysteriously overdrawn, his funds for current expenses wiped out, his credit impaired, because someone has tampered with his checks.

Twenty years of complete security has proven that the safe way to draw checks is with

TODD

Protectograph System

which is backed by the Todd Forgery Policy issued under the rigid Insurance Laws of New York State. Todd pays the premiums as a guarantee of its product and evidence of faith that it is Complete Protection. The System consists of (a) Protod chemical-fibre, forgery-proof checks, each check registered and safeguarded like a Government bank note and (b) the Protectograph Check Writer with its famous Two-Color shredded amount line.

EXACTLY FIFTY ONE DOLLARS SIX CENTS

Written and protected in two colors exact to the penny. A complete word to each stroke of the handle.

There are 750,000 Protectographs in use, all bearing the Todd name and guarantee of satisfaction.

Mail this coupon for a book showing exactly how business men are swindled. Written in State Prison by a famous check-raiser. This "Scratcher" book is *confidential*, for responsible business men only, so be sure to enclose your business letterhead with the coupon.

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO.
(Established 1899)
World's Largest Makers of Checks and Check-Protecting Devices. Sales and Service Branches in 100 cities throughout the World.
1178 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

"Scratcher" The Forger
His Book
(Written in State Prison)

FREE, please send the "Scratcher" book by a famous forger, describing *the temptations of unprotected checks.*

Name _____
(enclose your business card or letter head)
TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO., Rochester, N. Y.
O. 10 19

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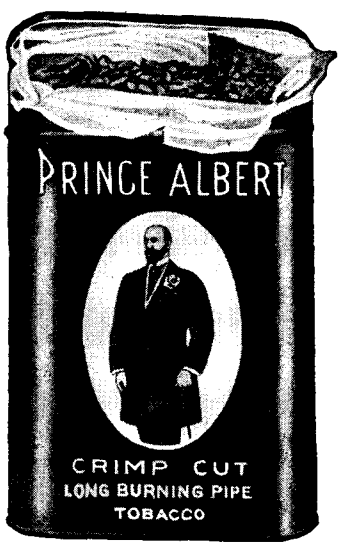
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1919 by
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Awaiting your say-so, you'll find toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors — and — that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



P. A. has such a joy'us way of making men glad about jimmy pipes!

To shoot it quick:—Prince Albert turns over a new leaf in your smoke-career! Shovels smokesorrows right out the attic airshaft and throws wide open the smoke-section-shutters! Talk about letting in a flood of smoke-sunshine! Bet your pet luckystone that the best you ever heard tell about can't hold a candle *with what Prince Albert will hand you* seven days out of every week! And, then, some-on-the-side!

Smoking Prince Albert is just about twins with having the top time of your life on each fire-up! *It gives you a brand new idea of how delightful a pipe smoke really can be!* Such flavor and fragrance and coolness; such freedom from bite and parch! Prove personally that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *really does cut out bite and parch!*

Talk about ringing the bell every time you take *just one more little smoke!* You'll agree with your old fellow citizen, General Approval, that Prince Albert puts a man on the firing line with a jimmy pipe, *and keeps him there;* that it sends all previous smoke setto records to the rear-ranks; that it just slams in one good time on top of another so fast, so happy-like, you realize that heretofore you've been hunting regular-man-sport with the wrong ammunition!

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The Keeper of the Light (Continued)

to study his charts and the face of the heavens, and at twenty minutes before five, in his brown sweater, the cold wind ruffling his silver hair, he was at the wheel whereon are carved the words "Jesus saith, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

He was singing softly. When I came into the wheel-house, he smiled like the red edges of the dawn and said: "Isn't it fun to live?"

His left forefinger swung like a compass needle to the awful rock of the Onion, and he laughed like his ancestor Sir Richard Grenville when the little Revenge ran into battle. "In the bay yonder we were blown across the ice—dogs, komatik, and all—when we went to fetch the reindeer. I never laughed so hard in my life. You simply couldn't stand up against the wind."

The elements have raved so often against this man uselessly that now they seem to want to be his friends. Parson Richards at Flower's Cove insists that now the snows fall softly and the winds breathe gently for the Doctor.

"Isn't 'Kim' a beautiful book?" said Grenfell. "I so often think of where it is said of Kim that he was the little friend of all the world."

There was a far country tarrying mistily in his eyes as he spoke. There flashed into my mind the words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert ere he sank off Newfoundland, "We are as near heaven by sea as by land."

Fritz, the sea-dog, stood at the prow like a carved figurehead, his paws upon the rail. Fritz is a grizzled brown and black, like nothing so much as orphan-asylum toast. Fritz says little and thinks much, and sensibly disdains the moon in favor of sleep in a bunk (unbeknownst to his fellow-passengers) when no crippled fisherman is lying there. Fritz swims ashore through breakers if the anchor drops within a mile of the beach, and he will fight a rangy, mangy pack of wolfish "huskies" for a footing among the seaweed and the sculpins. When he comes back on board, with the help of a bight of rope, you may comb a fine collection of marine algæ from his hair.

The prow of the Strathcona beat the sea like kissing cymbals, and the gulls creaked white in a wind that came unspotted from the Pole. Fritz, own brother to the sardonic gargoyles on a tower of Notre Dame, pronounced it good, and sniffed the air, and would not turn his head when I was calling.

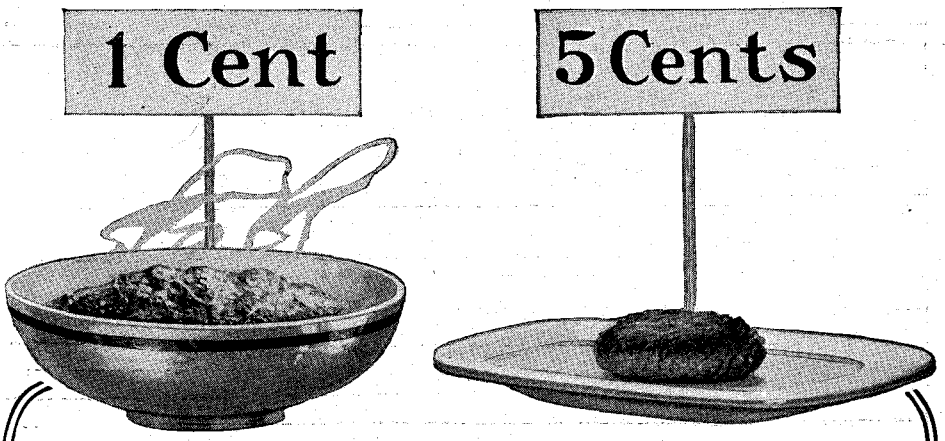
For lo! there was a little power-boat hopping up and down like an impatient baby in the yeasty sea; and standing with two men at his elbow, muffled to the ears, his eyes like pewter and his face the greenish-white of boiled potatoes, was the man we came to save.

He could not speak, but the men who propped him up spoke for him.

"We brought him out to you, Doctor, to save time."

Over the rail he was lifted, half fainting, and down the brass rungs of the all but vertical companion ladder he was helped to a seat in the tiny saloon that is the operating theater after the dinner dishes have been cleared away. By the light of a battered tin lamp Dr. Grenfell gave a local anæsthetic and ran his attenuated foot-long scissors into the sufferer's mouth and lanced the subtonsillar abscess that had worked so great a mischief. The life of the keeper of the light was saved.

Next day we landed on the isle. He had slept the sleep of a baby all night long—



One Costs You
Five Times the Other

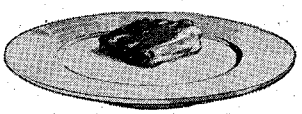
Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish

A cake of Hamburger Steak costs five times that. So does a small serving of any meat or fish.

In Quaker Oats you get the finest grade of the greatest food that grows. It is noted as a vim-producer and a food for growth.

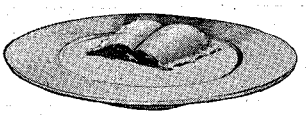
It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. A food which every modern mother wants her child to get.

35 Cents Buys 6221 Calories



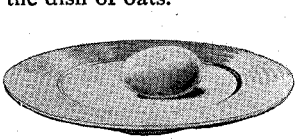
4 Oz. Meat

will cost 8 cents, or 8 times the dish of oats.



White Fish

or mackerel costs some 8 cents per serving—8 times the dish of oats.



One Egg

costs 4 cents, or 4 times the Quaker Oats.

The 35-cent package of Quaker Oats contains 6221 calories. That's the energy unit used to measure food values.

Compare that cost with other necessary foods. These are the figures at this writing:

Cost of 6221 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	35c
In Average Meats	$2.89
In Average Fish	3.12
In Hen's Eggs	3.75
In Vegetables	68c to 4.70

Meats, eggs, fish and fowl, on this basis, cost nine times Quaker Oats for the same calory value.

Each large package served in place of meat saves about $2.80.

Save that in your breakfasts. Everybody should eat oats once daily. Then the saving will help pay for costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

With That Extra Flavor

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

3211

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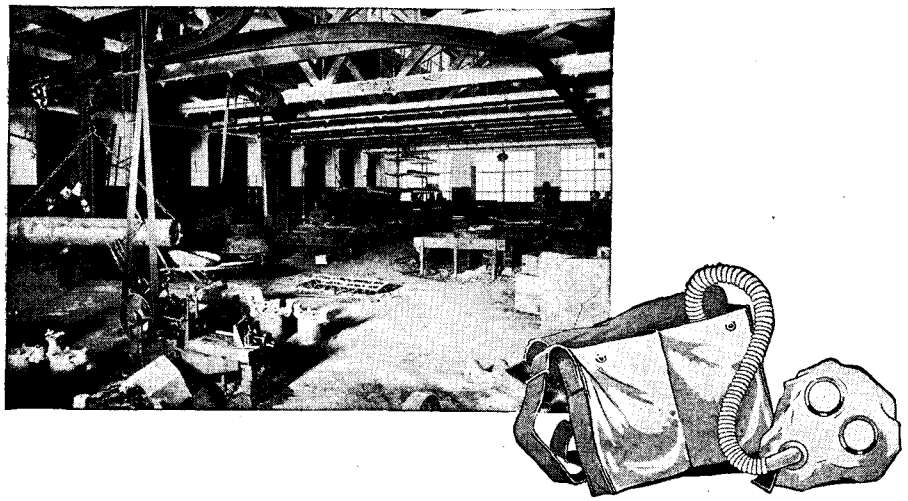

A Story of Foundry, Gas Masks and Good Engineering

Cast Nichrome is an alloy that withstands high temperature and gives long service. For that reason it is best suited for the tubes or retorts in which charcoal is burned. Cast Nichrome is patented and produced by the Driver-Harris Co. of Harrison, N. J.

In the Spring of 1918 when charcoal was urgently needed for gas masks, the Government proposed to take over the Driver-Harris plant in order to increase production. But the Company already had the work of expansion under way and after a thorough inspection of plans and active construction work the War Department decided that the Nation's interests were being cared for adequately.

The plans as prepared by Lockwood, Greene & Co., Engineers, were carried out as per schedule and with great rapidity. Lockwood, Greene & Co., Engineers, were able to obtain Bethlehem girders which had seemed unobtainable, for the completion of a new rolling mill. A series of new ovens which greatly increased the foundry efficiency were designed by them.

The engineering service was supplemented by efficiency schedules which included routing of work, application of power and details of equipment, not only in the foundry but in the machine shops and rolling mill.

"BULDING WITH FORESIGHT"

The Driver-Harris Co. give credit to Lockwood, Greene & Co., Engineers, for not only helping them meet a war emergency but for constructing in record time a plant that is well-equipped to meet the growing demands of peaceful industry.

LOCKWOOD, GREENE & CO.
ENGINEERS

BOSTON, 60 FEDERAL STREET CHICAGO, 38 S. DEARBORN STREET NEW YORK, 101 PARK AVENUE
ATLANTA, HEALEY BUILDING - - - - - - DETROIT, 45 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
LOCKWOOD, GREENE & CO. OF CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL, P. Q.
COMPAGNIE LOCKWOOD, GREENE, 47 AVE. DE L'OPERA, PARIS, FRANCE

It is not too late for teachers

to send for the pamphlet describing and outlining the use of The Outlook in the teaching of Current History, Civics, English, and Rhetoric. There is no charge. Simply address The Educational Department, The Outlook, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Keeper of the Light (Continued)

his first real slumber for five months—and he had breakfasted heartily and could now eat "rocks," he declared.

In gratitude he pulled out three ten-dollar bills and laid them on the table before Dr. Grenfell.

"One of those will do," said the Doctor, quietly.

THE FAMILY THAT WALKED OUT

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

We looked at the crowded tenements, at the children playing in thronged streets, at the evidences of discomfort and depression permeating the surroundings, and pitied those deprived of the freedom of open lands we both knew.

"Too bad there is no way for them to escape and get to God's country," I remarked.

"They can escape," came Sanford's quick reply. "They can walk out—I did." On a bench in the park he told me his story.

My wife and I are university graduates, he began. She won an art scholarship out in the Middle West and came to New York to pursue her vision of fame and fortune. I worked my way through college in the Far Northwest; then, thinking that here in the metropolis was opportunity for my profession, the law, came East.

After our marriage prosperity was with us for a few years. Then—no matter why—the bottom dropped from under my financial house and we found ourselves and our five babies penniless.

See that tall tenement over there, away up—the eighth story? Our home was like that, in a rear room. Those were dull times, and I tramped the streets from early morning until late night seeking work on which I could support my family. We sold or pawned silverware, jewelry, clothing, our little possessions growing less each day. We had relatives fairly well to do, but we determined not to call on them if it were possible to avoid it.

Somehow we got through the winter, my small earnings and our sacrifices enabling us to keep alive. My health began to fail, and I saw no chance of ever regaining a position that would allow me the needed open air.

One spring day I was again out of work, and, returning, climbed the long flights of stairs, desperate.

"Let's get out of the city," pleaded my wife.

"But how can we?" I gazed at the pitifully few belongings and laid my pocketbook with its meager holdings, our entire wealth, on the table.

"We can walk out, can't we?" She outlined her plan and declared that it was our way to freedom. I marveled at her courage, but finally, after an all night's "talk-fest," we decided to follow her idea.

The next afternoon I came to the front of the tenement with a large two-wheeled push-cart. Into it we put our cooking utensils, all the clothing we possessed, a tent for which I had traded our cook-stove, and on the top of it all the three youngest children.

With a good-by to the curious neighbors we started on our journey, plodding up the avenue, a much-observed procession,

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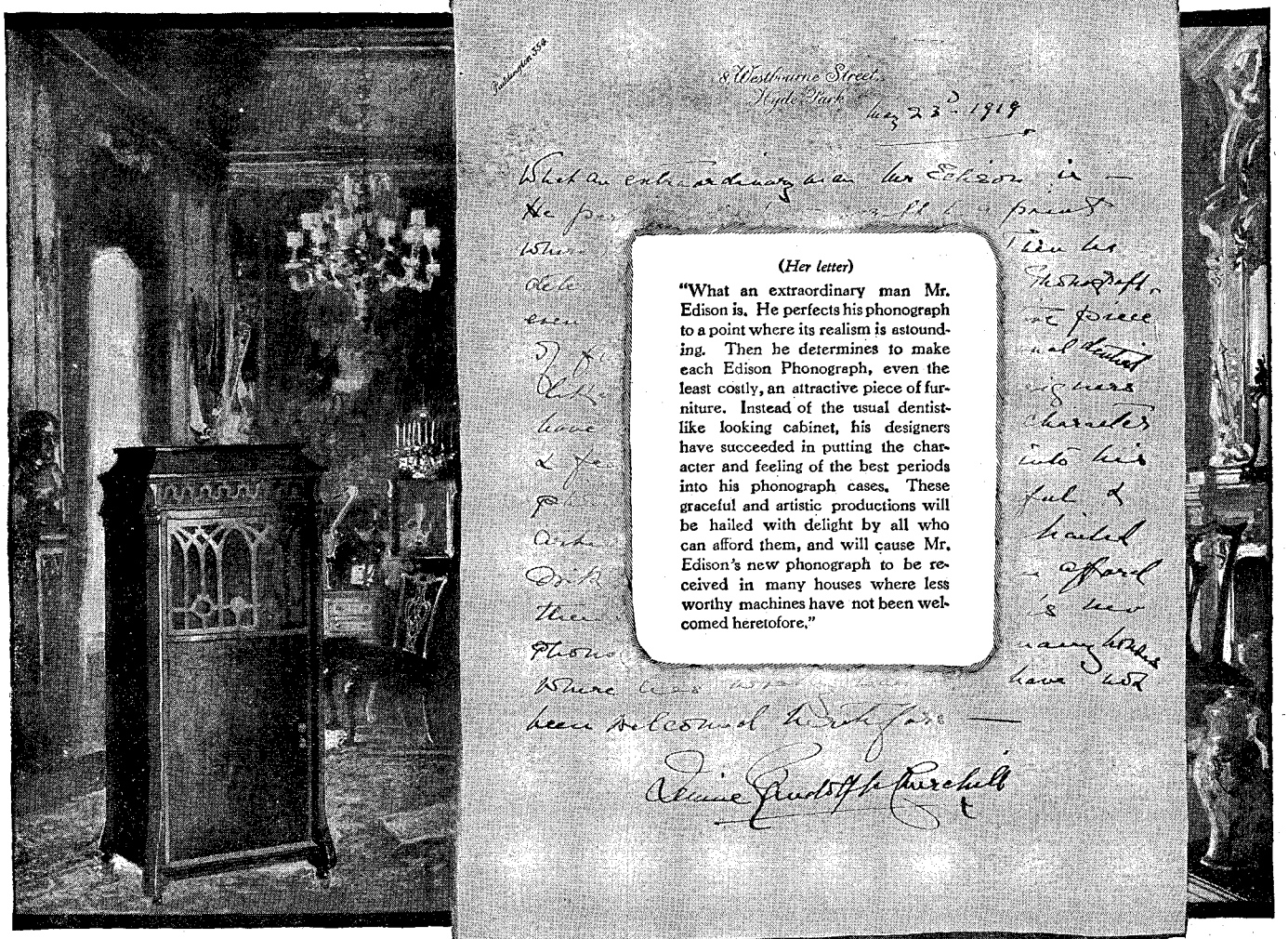
A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill



This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs

(Her letter)

"What an extraordinary man Mr. Edison is. He perfects his phonograph to a point where its realism is astounding. Then he determines to make each Edison Phonograph, even the least costly, an attractive piece of furniture. Instead of the usual dentist-like looking cabinet, his designers have succeeded in putting the character and feeling of the best periods into his phonograph cases. These graceful and artistic productions will be hailed with delight by all who can afford them, and will cause Mr. Edison's new phonograph to be received in many houses where less worthy machines have not been welcomed heretofore."

Lady Randolph Churchill

Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough

THIS letter comes from the best furnished house in all England. Its writer is England's greatest authority on furniture. Praise from Lady Randolph Churchill is the Old World's stamp of approval on Mr. Edison's adaptations of Europe's richest furniture treasures.

A reading of her letter, however, shows that Lady Churchill has been led by her furniture-knowledge into a misconception. So artistically conceived, so exquisitely made are these Edison Period Cabinets that she has drawn the very natural conclusion that they can be afforded by only the fortunate few. This is absolutely contrary to the fact. Mr. Edison has placed authentic period cabinets within the reach of every one. He has required that a period cabinet be developed for each New Edison,—even the lowest-priced models.

These wonderful instruments in their beautiful cases are pictured and described in our new book, "Edison and Music." Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

The New Edison, as a musical instrument, is also distinctive from all other phonographs. There is absolutely no difference between the voice of a singer and the RE-CREATION thereof by the New Edison.

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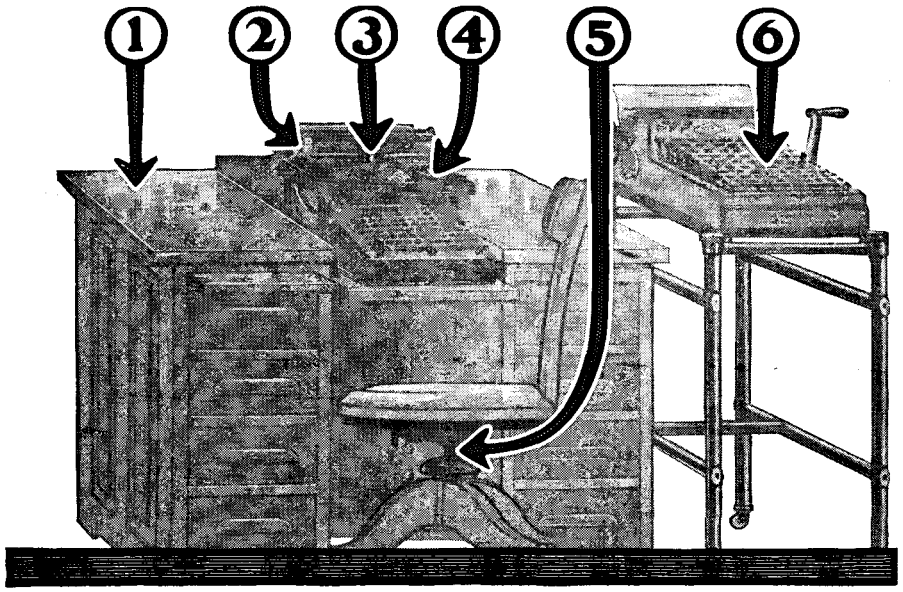


Six of Many Office Uses

1 3-in-One cleans and polishes desks, filing cabinets, all office furniture.

2 3-in-One lubricates typewriters just right. Saves repair bills. Makes old machines run like new. Never gums or collects dirt.

3 3-in-One renews worn typewriter ribbons. Better than re-inking. Apply with tooth-brush. Allow oil to permeate ribbon.

4 3-in-One cleans the keys. Prevents rust or tarnish on the metal surfaces.

5 3-in-One stops squeaking of revolving chairs and stools.

6 3-in-One is the correct lubricant for adding machines and all calculating machines. Also polishes the case and prevents tarnish.

3-in-One The High Quality Oil for Offices and Banks

costs little—saves its price many times over. Keeps all delicate office mechanisms in smooth working order. Try it on typewriters, adding, calculating and billing machines, numbering and dating stamps, check-protecting devices. Best for time-locks of vaults. Penetrates instantly to the bottom of the deepest bearing, lubricates perfectly, wears long.

3-in-One transforms old office furniture. Works out the grime of time—causes superficial scratches to disappear. No oily residue remains to show fingermarks and catch dust. 3-in-One polishes and prevents tarnish on the bright nickel and other metal parts of bank safes and vaults.

3-in-One Oil is sold at all good stores. East of Rocky Mountain States 15c, 25c, 60c, in bottles; also in 30c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE The 3-in-One Dictionary of Uses describes an infinite variety of needs for this pure, high-grade oil. On request we will gladly send you a copy—and a liberal sample of 3-in-one Oil—both free

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 165 AEH. Broadway, New York

A6

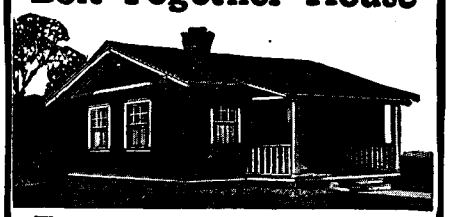
Like a furnace fire. You need it each winter.

Because Piso's, too, is a protection against winter weather. By soothing irritated, scratchy throats and relieving bothersome coughs and hoarseness, it prevents more serious ailments. Keep it always in the medicine cabinet; use it at the first indication of throat irritation.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

$495 BUYS THIS "PRESTO-UP" Bolt-Together House



The Wonder Buildings of the Age

GUARANTEED

Purchased after most rigid inspection by some of the largest Steel, Coal and Industrial Corporations in the United States. You are not experimenting. "PRESTO-UP" Bolt-Together Houses are patented, manufactured exclusively by us and sold at money saving prices.
Seven different types of walls to choose from. Wind and weather proof. Invisible joints inside and out. Extremely simple to bolt together. Wonderful strength. Better construction than regularly constructed houses. Exceptionally good lumber. Cement coated nails. Fifteen Year Guaranteed Slate Coated Roofing. Well painted, and best of all, neat in appearance and so simple to bolt together that it is a pleasure to do the work.

Send for **CATALOG FX-415 TODAY**

Houses—Garages—Barns—Out Buildings, etc. Also Harris Fresh Air Canvas Houses

HARRIS BROTHERS CO., Chicago

The Family that Walked Out (Continued)

I and my oldest boy, Godfrey, pushing the cart, my wife walking by our side.

Late that afternoon we left Manhattan Island behind and were obtaining a breath of the country and feasting our eyes on green hillsides once more. In a little grove beside the Hudson we pitched our tent, cooked our supper, and after putting the children to sleep sat long into the night watching the shipping and the lights of the distant city, rejoicing that it all was behind us.

The next day we pushed on up the Hudson, and now were out in the real country. The second morning we were opposite a dairy farm, and I offered to work to pay for some fresh milk for the children.

"Bless you, you can have the milk, and I'll give you a job," was the hearty response from the farmer. I took back to our camp a brimming bucket of bubbly whiteness—the first fresh milk of the cow the children had ever tasted. For three days I worked on the farm, then with my wages we started on toward Albany.

You would not be interested in the details, but all that summer we worked our way west. Up the Mohawk Valley, across the Genesee, bending south across Pennsylvania, and into Ohio. I worked in haying, in harvest, in apple-picking, and now and then in factories. We were bound for—where do you think?—Arizona, three thousand miles away, and had faith to believe that the seven of us would get there.

But by November, when the days began to shorten and cold chilled us, we had reached only central Ohio—fifteen hundred miles in six months. The children were brown as gypsies; I had become hard and bronzed; the wife and mother, who had walked every step of the way, was renewing her youth.

I found work in a glass factory not far from Cincinnati, and we moved into a dilapidated cottage that was rented cheap. It was a poor home; but it was heaven compared with the two rooms on the eighth floor of that New York tenement where we had existed the previous winter.

In the spring we began preparations for continuing our journey—still bound for Arizona. But one evening a little party of my fellow-workmen came to our house and bashfully placed on the table a purse containing money for our tickets to the promised land. Their big hearts refused to allow the task on which we were determined.

So we rode over the plains and the Raton Pass and the desert and landed in a little Arizona town, almost as poor as when we left New York. The seven of us had arrived.

Down on the southern border of the State is a great ranch where are raised fruit and grain. To that ranch we were bound. With a rickety wagon drawn by two "mountain canaries" we started—we had learned how to travel overland. We camped in the desert places, and came one day to a great gash in the earth. Down into its depths we worked our way, all wheels blocked and the burros picking their course around the cliffs with catlike tread.

In time we reached the ranch, where I found work and a border-town cabin in which to house the family. Mexicans were frequent intruders in the streets. The beginning of the border troubles intensified the antagonism. More than once fugitive

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The Family that Walked Out (Continued)

Mexicans came to our dwelling, hiding from some hostile faction of their countrymen or from Americans.

Then came an outburst of race feeling. Some Mexicans were shot; their fellows across the line threatened to wipe out the village. Five hundred families wanted to leave by first train.

The Mayor and the station agent came to us. "You have more little children than any family in town—you go first. Go down the railway track a mile at four o'clock to-morrow morning—the overland will stop for you."

In the cold of the clear Arizona night we crept from our cabin with all the little possessions we could carry, and left the remainder behind.

Finally, out of the distance pierced a headlight and the grinding brakes brought the long train to a halt. A Pullman door opened and we climbed aboard.

Back over the deserts and the pass we rode, then across the plains into Kansas. We made a new start. Friends gave their assistance. In two years I held a position in the City Hall; later I went into the office of a great industrial company, and last summer was admitted to the State bar.

Our experience does not mean that every family in this teeming district can do all we did. Few have the courage or endurance. Indeed, I am not sure that had I foreseen what a devious and fearsome way lay ahead I should have undertaken it. But every family that really wants to leave the city for the country can do so—even if it has to walk out.

In those less prosperous times than to-day never was there lack of employment; at any town I could find work. Now an actual dearth of labor exists from coast to coast, as pronounced in the remote country communities as in the cities. Farmers pay the highest wages of history, they are eager for helpers. The open lands beckon, and why the soaring tenements continue to hold all their inhabitants with the children stunted by their cramped surroundings is a mystery.

Curious how history repeats. Here is a clipping from our town paper just come in a letter from the home folks. Listen: "Godfrey Sanford left this morning for Blankton to enter the State University."

My children are making a beginning in the path of their parents; but if I can bring it about, they are going to remain out in the free, open lands.

HOW THE BOLSHEVIKI PUT DOWN STRIKES

With the present criticism of the methods of the American business man in handling a strike, the method of the workingman's government in Russia in handling a strike (as set forth in the article "The Wreck of Soviet Finance" in the "Living Age" of September 6 is significant. The strikers are to be expelled from the town, their rations are to be stopped, those who incite the strikers are to be tried by a Revolutionary tribunal—which punishment by death would appear to be somewhat more drastic than a mere refusal to make contracts with the leaders. All this under the beneficent management of the workers.

Might it not be well to watch the experiment at a distance? The workingmen in Russia apparently are trying it out.

TIMOTHY JONES.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Pretty Teeth

Are White Teeth—Free From Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film is What Discolors

When teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Many clinical tests under able authorities have proved it beyond question. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we are supplying a ten-day test free to anyone who asks.

Watch the Teeth Whiten

We ask you to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on Pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Until lately this method was impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. It has been submitted to four years of laboratory tests. Now pepsin, combined with other Pepsodent ingredients, gives us for the first time an efficient film destroyer.

It is important that you know it. To you and yours it means safer, whiter teeth. Cut out the coupon—now, before you forget it—and see the effects for yourself.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

257

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 766, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

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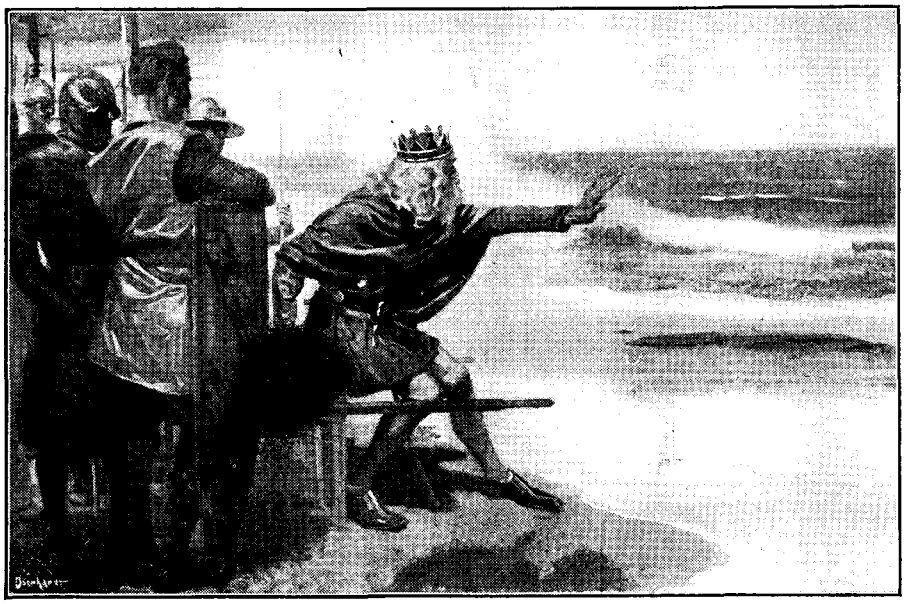

A Modern King Canute

The people who lived in the good days of the wise King Canute thought he had the power to make the ocean recede at a mere word of command. Today the Bell Telephone Company finds itself in a position not unlike that of the ancient king. Its mere word will not hold back an ocean of expense.

Rigid economy and the most modern methods of operation have made it possible for the Bell Company to keep its rates at a far lower level than that of the commodities which it must use in construction and upkeep. But it has felt the rising tide of costs just as certainly as has every business and every family.

The one source of revenue of the Bell Company is the price you pay for service. If this price fails to cover fair wages and necessary materials, then both you and your telephone company must suffer.

For one year the Bell Company was under Government control. The Government analyzed methods and costs; and established the present rates as just. All the Bell Company asks is a rate sufficient to provide satisfactory service to every subscriber.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Don't Wear a Truss

MR. C. E. BROOKS

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.

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Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address today.
Brooks Appliance Co., 471D. State St., Marshall, Mich.

Shaving comfort at last!

RESINOL SHAVING STICK

A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF GERMAN CHRISTIANITY

My neighbor here in Passy, Abbé Wetterlé, formerly member of the Alsace-Lorraine lower house and one of the representatives in the German Reichstag of the "Lost Provinces," has called my attention to a rather curious little German pamphlet found on the body of a dead Teuton soldier. It bears the title "Kriegerzweifel,"[1] the "doubts" in question being those connected with the conscientious duties of a soldier—that is, of a German soldier, for no such idea of duty as here described could ever enter into the mind of anybody but a Boche, as the reader will soon see.

In fact, there are two categories of uncertainties examined in this pocket-worn booklet, which I have before me as I write—one of a religious nature, whether there is really a special Providence watching over all our acts, and the other pointing out what are a Christian's obligations in time of war. But its peculiarly Teutonic character is found in the way this man of God (for its author is a Prussian clergyman of the state Church) presents the doctrine of international hate and interprets Scripture.

The following extracts from this singular but very typical moral *vade-mecum* of the tools of Germanic militarism, many thousand copies of which have been printed, speak for themselves and offer another of the many examples which this war has brought out of how different from the ethical view-point of the rest of civilized mankind is that of the present-day Teuton, while they throw light on the cause of the awful atrocities of which the war lords of Berlin have been guilty.

The Rev. Robert Falke says:

> This war appears stupid. Why, then, are the nations of Europe engaged in this internecine struggle? The Germans had done no harm to the Russians, French, or English. We had not offended them, had not hampered their trade. So if there is a Providence he ought to have prevented the outbreak. This is the very reason why God is on our side, and has so far let us prevail over our enemies. Is it not a proof of the existence of Providence that we and our allies have overcome our foes, notwithstanding their superiority in number? If we were beaten, we might begin to doubt in Providence. But now that our flag flies triumphantly everywhere and the power of the adversary is broken, now that our opponents themselves admit that they cannot possibly win the war, to disbelieve in Providence would be blindness, if not ingratitude.

And here is the Rev. Robert Falke's answer to the question whether one should love one's enemy in time of war:

> Our Lord has said: "Love your enemies, do good to those which hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." But a distinction must be made here. Jesus means this precept to regulate the relations between man and man, but not those between peoples. In a struggle between nations love of neighbor should not exist. Here other principles imperiously intervene, as, for instance, obedience to the powers that be and love of country. If those in rule find it necessary to draw the sword, subjects should obey. If the Emperor calls the people to battle, the army should march. It must beat the enemy everywhere and in every way, and annihilate him if needs be. So long as the battle lasts Jesus' golden rule is completely

[1] Kriegerzweifel. Ein Soldaten Büchlein von Robert Falke, Konsistorialrat und Superintendent in Wernigerode. 20 Tausend. Barmen, 1917. Verlog von E. Biermann.

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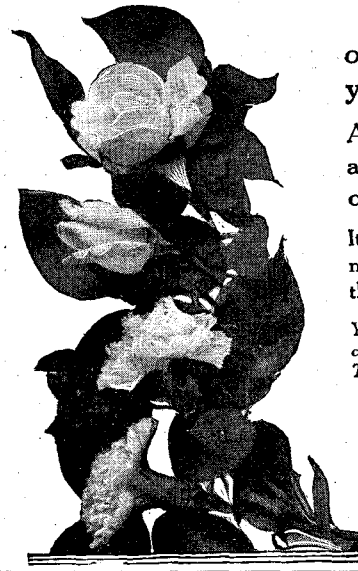
"Say it with Flowers"

It's the Remembering that Means So Much



THOSE friendships you prize so highly — those courtesies you ought to acknowledge — those favors you intend to repay —

All can be remembered more graciously and thoughtfully by the simple, timely gift of exquisite flowers.

It's the tender thought — the sincere message — that makes flowers so appropriate. For "the gift without the giver is bare." But your gift of flowers is — *you!*

Your local florists, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

The florist displaying the sign "Say it with Flowers" is a member of the Society of American Florists and has advantages that he can pass along to you when you buy flowers.

Whose Birthday comes in

1919 NOVEMBER 1919						
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24	25	26	27	28	29

A Characteristic Example of German Christianity
(Continued)

suspended; it does not hold good during the struggle. (*So lange die Schlacht tobt ist das Liebesgebot Jesu vollständig aufgehoben. Es gilt nicht für die Stunden des Gefechts.*)

The more severely we use our arms, the more merciful we are, for the war will be ended quicker. To kill is then no longer a sin, but a service rendered to the country, a Christian duty, rather a divine blessing. The conduct of the war thus becomes a commandment of love. Our reformer, Luther, has developed this thought in his tractate, "Can Warriors Be Saved?"

In the hands of God wars are a means of punishing peoples, and this is why a nation that chastises an enemy even to the shedding of blood acts in accordance with this idea when God is on the side of this nation.

One sees clearly that the Christianity of our enemies is only an external cloak, a varnish which covers nothingness. Their Christianity is gone entirely bankrupt, and this war has revealed their real nature, which is a tissue of hypocrisy, lies, and selfishness. Hence it is that we are serving God and fulfilling a sacred duty in punishing with terrible force all our foes, and, if necessary, annihilating them. In this struggle Satan himself is allied with our assailants. So as long as the cannon thunder, Jesus' teaching, "Love your enemies," does not hold good. Furthermore, it would be of the greatest profit to our opponents themselves if they accepted their defeat, for then they would have to admit their wrong, would become penitent, and grow better than they were before.

The rough wood-engraving on the cover of this pamphlet is quite in keeping with the text. It represents a German foot-soldier wearing the familiar pointed casque and seated on a fallen log, perhaps one of the French fruit trees which he has just cut down. His gun is in one hand, while the other holds up his chin, his elbow resting on his left leg. He is thus pictured in a meditative mood, with an anxious expression on his face, which may not at all be due to religious perplexities, as the Rev. Mr. Falke would like us to believe. The background of the drawing is very appropriately a house in flames—doubtless one of the many peasant cottages of France and Belgium which these modern Huns ruthlessly burnt during their forced retreat.

The contents of this pamphlet offer still

WAY Sagless Spring
"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

WAY

Depend on the Way Sagless Spring to give you refreshing, invigorating sleep. Its resilient surface is sleep-inviting, restful and comfortable. Does not roll occupants to center.

All metal—sanitary—noiseless—can't tear bedding. Does not sag. Guaranteed 25 years. Ask Way dealer about our 30 nights' free trial offer.

Write for interesting Way Booklet.

Way Sagless Spring Co.
448 East Hennepin Ave.
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Branches in Eight Cities.
Made and Sold in North Atlantic States by Burton-Dixie Corporation New York.

SOUTHERN DISTRIBUTORS:
Chittenden & Eastman Burlington, Iowa.
Belknap Hardware & Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky.
Peck & Hills Furniture Co. San Francisco, Los Angeles Denver.

25 Year Guarantee

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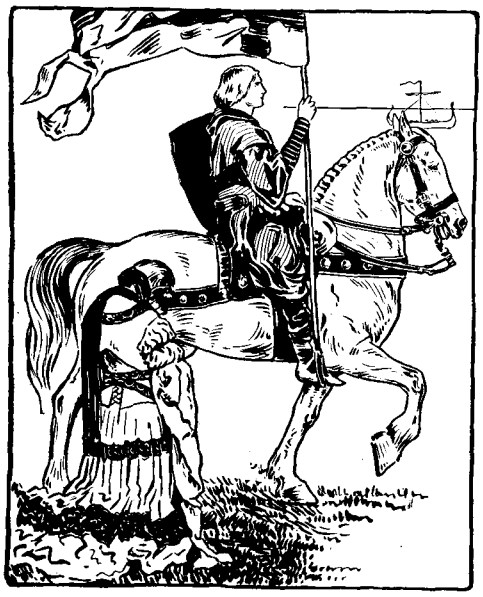
One can live without art—but not so well



Abbey's Holy Grail

depicting stirring scenes of the old Crusade, symbolizes the Crusade of the Great War. Representing the triumph of right over evil, these glorious Grail pictures make singularly fitting and artistic

Soldier Memorials

They properly belong in every home, club, office, school, library, parish house, public building—in every place that had the honor of a starred flag. Also a fine gift to every soldier as a personal memorial of his service.

Particulars sent on request. Done exclusively in

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For 24 years a hall-mark of good taste in pictures

As to quality Mr. Abbey said, "I could not wish better."

PEACE

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FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. (10-29)

Please mail your **32-page free sample booklet** of **Ridpath's History of the World,** containing photogravures of Napoleon, Socrates, Cæsar and other great characters in history, and write me full particulars of your **special offer** to **Outlook Magazine** readers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Attractive House FOR SALE

AT PARK HILL,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Beautiful location. Eleven rooms, three stories, two bathrooms, additional servants' toilet and small tub, attic, trunk room, seven closets, butler's pantry, two large piazzas, one with glass enclosure for winter, large cellar and laundry. Three minutes from Park Hill station on Putnam R.R. connecting with New York Central, also trolley connecting with New York subway. Excellent terms. 975, Outlook.

A Characteristic Example of German Christianity
(Continued)

another queer example of the abnormal and crazy state of mind of those "over the Rhine." A very much soiled and pocket-worn sheet of paper which I found loose in its pages contained this absurd "prayer," written and signed by the owner of the pamphlet:

Letter from Heaven, June, 1916:
May my end be happy
As was my commencement.
I was traversing forests and ditches.
We then met three little boys,—
They were God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.
These will protect me against the blows of the pick-ax,
The blows of gun-stock and balls,
So that nobody can drink my blood.
In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.
HANS B. DENSEN,
Westergard-on-Röm,
Fendun County, North Schleswig.

"One finds prayers of this kind in the tunic of nearly all German soldiers," Abbé Wetterlé writes me. What a commentary on the intellectual state produced by Prussian militarism!

Paris. THEODORE STANTON.

THE OUTLOOK HAS THE ENTHUSIASTIC SUPPORT OF ITS READERS IN THE PRINTING STRIKE CRISIS

Hundreds of subscribers have written to the publishers emphatically commending the stand of The Outlook in its support of the Employing Printers' demands that union contracts shall be lived up to. These letters are so unanimous in tone that they form significant evidence of the loyalty and active support of The Outlook's subscribers. A few of the letters are printed below.

Atlanta, Ga., October 14, 1919.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

That's me.

Wishing you success in the fight you are making, I am, S. A. K.

Morrisville, Vt., October 13, 1919.

I have your card of the 8th informing me that because of the demands of the Local Unions of Printers in New York, which you considered so unfair that you could not concede, you had been obliged to suspend publication of The Outlook temporarily, but that my subscription would be extended for such time as publication was suspended.

I am writing you at once to tell you that you need not extend my subscription for a day no matter how long you are compelled to suspend publication, as I want to furnish a little of the ammunition for this contest. I feel confident that you are everlastingly right in the stand you have taken, and I, who have been a constant reader of The Outlook for almost twenty-five years, want you to know that I approve most heartily of the stand you have taken in this matter and trust you will fight it out if it takes all winter. I am exceedingly glad that this country produces men like Governor Calvin Coolidge and Judge Gary, and publications like The Outlook, who are courageous enough to take a firm stand in these labor troubles for the great public, who certainly have rights that it is about time to fight for.

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The Outlook has the Enthusiastic Support of Its Readers in the Printing Strike Crisis (Continued)

It is apparent that these matters have got to be decided, and I know of no better time to settle them than now. I am sure the great majority of your readers will feel as I do. T. C. C.

Minneapolis, Minn., October 14, 1919.

Have been a subscriber to The Outlook for many years. Have just renewed my subscription. I also note you have a strike on. As far as I am concerned, I will gladly contribute the renewal, and if necessary will contribute another. I think you have taken the right course. I consider you have been more than fair. Wishing you success in your fight, I remain, etc., S. G.

Boston, Mass., October 7, 1919.

Your notification of delay in delivery of The Outlook received. You say that on that account "the subscription period will be extended."

For one, I wish to state that I would not want you to extend my period of subscription. If you have a fight like that on your hands, the least I can do is to notify you that my subscription ends at the time it was supposed to end, and I wish to renew it for another year from that period. It is the only way I can definitely express my attitude on this labor business. You have enough on your hands under American conditions without adding to your troubles and expense by extending your subscription period, and I hope you will see it through.

I hope every advertiser in your valuable periodical will back you up. Your troubles are universal all over the United States to-day, and now is *a good time to fight it out.* E. M. D.

Rye, N. Y., October 12, 1919.

Mrs. L—— and myself wish to congratulate The Outlook on the stand it has taken on this important issue and to say that we are only too happy to express our entire sympathy with your attitude.

We would prefer not to accept your suggestion of "time out," if you will allow us to pay for the publication whether received or not. B. B. L.

Syracuse, N. Y., October 15, 1919.

I am in receipt of your notice in reference to suspense of publication. I am in thorough sympathy with your position, and if you surrender to the unjust demands of labor I shall feel like stopping my subscription rather than stopping for failure to receive the magazine. I have been a reader of your magazine for many years, and while I shall miss its weekly visit, I am more than glad that you have taken this stand and will stand by you till the end. J. W. C.

Noble, Pa., October 13, 1919.

Fight it out along these lines if it takes all winter and summer too, and you don't need to extend the subscription either. Would be glad to make this small contribution, for it seems to me it is necessary for some one to start the fight to stop, not the requests for better wages and conditions, but the spirit of won't work and arrogant demands for the impossible. W. A. C.

Greensboro, N. C., October 11, 1919.

Sorry you have had to suspend your publication, as I will miss its weekly visits; but I am glad you have taken the stand you have. I am thoroughly conversant

These are Appleton Books: Fall, 1919

by E. Temple Thurston

The World of Wonderful Reality

Only once or twice in a decade is such a beautiful thing as this written. It has the magic touch of "faery" that recalls for a whole world the dreams of its youth. Kipling did it once in a short-story; Barrie, in a play and a book, and now Thurston, in a novel. It is a glorious whimsy of love and idealism clashing with materialism in a girl's soul. And like a golden thread through the story runs the hero's pleading for that "wonderful reality" of life which is lost to so many of us until a romance like this brings it back. *Companion volume to "The City of Beautiful Nonsense."* $1.75 *net*

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The Outlook has the Enthusiastic Support of Its Readers in the Printing Strike Crisis (Continued)

with your attitude towards labor, and I congratulate you. There is a point beyond which we cannot go, and you have struck that point, and I hope you will fight it out if it takes a year.

If you never start up, then leave your business to your successor, and tell him to fight it until the next generation, and I will wait for that time for the publication of The Outlook to start up again. C. H. I.

Salisbury, Md., October 10, 1919.

I am in receipt of your notice of temporary snspension of The Outlook because of labor troubles.

As one of your readers many years before The Outlook was adopted as the name of your superior publication, I have full confidence in your judgment and fairness, and will most cheerfully share with you any inconvenience, and would also share with you any loss sustained by your enforced suspension.

I have read your many more than fair arguments in favor of labor and the right of collective bargaining, and if any publication has earned the consideration of organized labor, you should receive it.

W. B. M.

Saugerties, N. Y., October 12, 1919.

I acknowledge your advice of extended subscription to equalize suspension period.

I cannot accept. I will be pleased to accept now your bill for renewal of present subscription, and shall consider that you are most fully discharging your obligation to me by suspending publication until such time as you can resume without dictation except from your own conscience. H. G.

Omaha, Nebraska, October 14, 1919.

I don't think you need have any fear but what the readers of The Outlook will be glad to bear their share of the inconvenience resulting from the labor troubles with which you are confronted.

Your subscribers are your friends, and I believe you will have their sympathetic support in a measure which no other publication could command. C. H.

Richmond, Mass., October 6, 1919.

In answer to your statement received to-day, I want to say that I should be heartily in favor of the action you have taken even if it had not been forced upon you. As evidence of my sympathy, I should prefer not to have my subscription period extended. I want to bear my part of the pecuniary loss and shall renew my subscription at the regular time. C. B. R.

Reading, Pa., October 13, 1919.

I acknowledge receipt of your postal card advising me of the strike of your employees and the consequent temporary suspension of your publication.

In reply, I beg to say that since I am wholly in accord with you in the position you have taken, I am quite willing to bear my share of the loss, and therefore ask that you credit my subscription account with having received all missing numbers of The Outlook to which it may be entitled. H. S. C.

Boston, October 6, 1919.

I am just in receipt of your circular of October 2 *in re* the printers' strike. I believe I represent the great bulk not only of your subscribers but of the public in say-

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ing that I heartily approve of the position you take and that I will wait "until the cows come home" for this strike to be settled on principles of right, for which you now as always stand. G. E. H.

Newark, N. J., October 24, 1919.

I wish to add my word of encouragement in your attitude towards the present strike. I should prefer to make your company a gift of the four dollars than to have you yield to the demands of the workmen. I am living on a very moderate salary myself, but my sympathy is entirely with the employers of the present day. A. R. D.

New York City, October 28, 1919.

I note your generous offer to make up to me the loss of the current numbers of the magazine by extending the expiration date of my subscription.

These magazines, though sorely missed, are eloquent of the silent battle you are waging on behalf of all right-minded citizens, and I would be pleased to let my subscription stand as it is as an indication of my approval of your course. A. H. C.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

COMMENT ON CURRENT FINANCIAL TOPICS

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

THE now prevailing interest in foreign exchange may be reduced in large measure to nothing more than speculation in the fluctuation of exchange. Many of the transactions are made for future delivery, and "puts and calls" are of particular interest to the speculator. French and Italian bonds, and francs and German marks, both currency and checks as well as bills of exchange, are some of the mediums adopted. The purchase of a draft payable in a foreign country is speculative, and the purchaser, deriving no interest on his money, merely holds the draft, believing that the rate of exchange will go up and at the new rate he may reap a profit by sale. In this case there is a question regarding the security of the draft, as the failure or suspension of the bank on which the draft is drawn, or even the maker of the draft, might result in a loss to the purchaser. The possible failure of a foreign bank would likewise have a vital interest to the purchaser of a bill of exchange; but in this case the deposit might be subject to interest at from 2 to 3½ per cent, and if exchange should advance in price the bill of exchange could be sold at a profit.

The actual purchase of currency is not always convenient or satisfactory, as the handling of notes or thousands of pieces of unclean money is anything but pleasant.

In contradistinction to the above methods, the purchase of an internal bond of one of the foreign countries has a great deal to recommend it, as the purchaser has an opportunity for profit by

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Financial Department (Continued)

the price of the bond advancing, as well as by the possible enhancement in value by a higher price in the rate of exchange. For instance, the Internal Loan, Republic of France 5s of 1917, redeemable at the option of the Government, but not before 1931, carrying coupons payable February 16 quarterly in New York at the current rate of exchange in denominations of one thousand francs and upward at a par value of $193 per thousand francs, can be purchased at the present time for $105 per thousand francs. Should these bonds go back to par and French exchange back to normal (5.18), there would be a profit of $88 on an investment of $105 for each thousand francs. The purchaser is receiving 5 per cent on the par value of his investment. At the present rate of exchange he would not, of course, cash the coupons, but hold them until such time as he might be paid nearer the normal rate of 5.18, but even if he should wish to cash these coupons, amounting to fifty francs per year for each thousand-franc bond, he would receive a direct return of about 5.60.

In connection with foreign internal bonds the question of foreign ond local taxation should be considered. Many issues have been made exempt from taxation only in the country of their origin, and bonds which are now tax free at home might at a later date be taxed, and there is a further possibility that some of the foreign governments, in order to meet their international obligations, might defer or partially repudiate their internal debt.

It is also important to ascertain if the bonds are payable in gold. The following table giving the normal rates of exchange and the approximate present rates is of interest to nearly every one at the moment:

	Average Pre-War Rate.	Approximate Present Rate.
Sterling (English).....	$4.865	$4.16
Franc (French).....	.193	.122
Franc (Belgium).....	.193	.124
Lire (Italy).....	.193	.105
Mark (German).....	.238	.045
Guilder (Netherlands)	.402	.378

THE MAN WITH A PURPOSE

The man who is conscientious in his work, optimistic of his future, and confident of his own ability to succeed is possessed of the most important essentials for a successful career. You will find this man always anxious and ready to learn more about his own particular vocation. He saves his money and invests it in dividend-paying securities which have surpluses at least twice in excess of dividend requirements. Upon receiving his dividends he never considers this money a part of his spending income, but deposits it in a savings bank.

You will never find him taking any one's "tip," because he knows that its value and worth may be based only on the recommendations of the selfish promoters. The quotations of a security which is worthy of one's confidence may go down; but the sagacious holder does not sell, but is in a position to buy more, thereby reducing the average cost per share. He studies the habits of these securities in which he invests his savings and never buys at the highest price, because he has learned the high and low average over a period of years. As money accumulates and is invested carefully, he has a good beginning, but it is not all-sufficient, as investments must be constantly watched and possibly supplanted by others of different form. As one's income from invested funds increases it may

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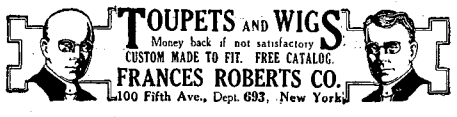
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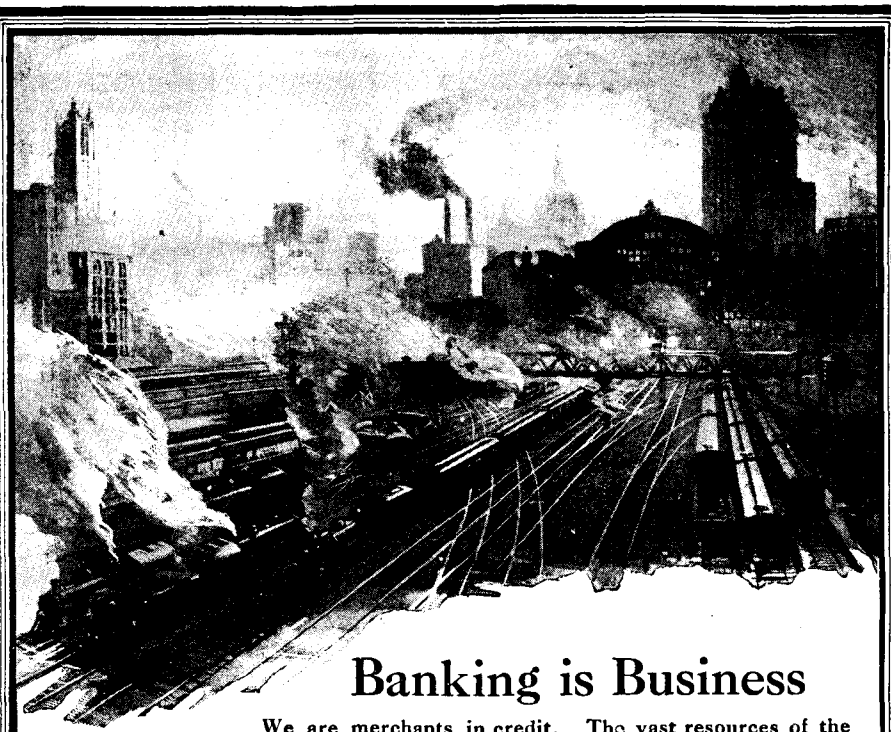

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be wiser to be satisfied with a lower rate of interest if the degree of the security of principal is thereby enhanced. The "four-flusher" generally enjoys a meteoric career, but the plodder, who does not attempt to display wealth on his back when he has nothing in his pocket, but who presents a good appearance and yet is conservative in dress, is the man who really succeeds. The man of courage with a real purpose in life never lets his ambition die or even become dormant, no matter how long hard luck may pursue him.

FEWER LIBERTY BONDS OUTSTANDING

It has been estimated that by May 1, 1920, the supply of Liberty Bonds will be reduced by about $1,000,000,000. Already the reduction amounts to about $718,000,000. This has been accomplished by three methods: (1) Through repayment of foreign government obligations. (2) By payment in bonds of inheritance taxes. (3) By purchase by the Government for the 5 per cent bond purchase fund.

As the supply of Liberty Bonds is gradually reduced, we may expect that the market prices will first be stabilized and then bettered by higher levels approaching par.

The outstanding Liberty Loans now approximate something in the neighborhood of $20,700,000,000.

A 4.42 PER CENT BASIS

Nearly every one has been taught in school some method of figuring interest—multiply the amount by the number of days, point off, divide by six and six or two again, etc., etc.—and to many the problem of the yield of a 7 per cent stock at 92 is a simple one, but when we read of a 4 per cent bond maturing in 1947, such as the Union Pacific First Land Grant 4s, selling on a 5.17 basis, with a present price of 83, and again of a 4 per cent bond such as the C., B. & Q. Joint 4, due July 1, 1921, selling at 95⅜ on a 6.50 basis, we are confused, and we dismiss the subject as much too deep for our minds to fathom. It often means absolutely nothing to us, and even the word basis is one with which we are glad we do not have to associate.

If any of these three mathematical problems is beyond the mental pale in your case, we shall be pleased to attempt to make the matter more easily understood by you if you care to write to this department. And, further, this may be an opportune time to express to our readers our willingness to assist in all matters relative to the attainment of financial independence. If our answer to your inquiry has not covered and made clear the point in question, do not hesitate to so advise us, as perhaps by giving us more complete and specific information upon which to base an opinion we may be able to see your problem in a different light than that in which it at first appeared. Any suggestions our readers may care to make regarding the subject-matter in the columns of the financial department will be appreciated and if possible acted upon. We ourselves wish to be on the best possible *basis* with our readers.

THE PROBLEM

Given two equipment issues maturing the same year—February 1, 1925—one on a 4.80 per cent basis, the other on a 5.10 per cent basis, both being 5 per cent bonds, which one would be selling at the higher price? And if the bid price in each case were a point lower than the last sale,

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Financial Department (Continued)

which was, say, on a 4.80 per cent basis and on a 5.10 per cent basis for the first and second bond, respectively, would the basis of the bonds at this bid price be nearer 4.81 per cent and 5.11 per cent or nearer 4.79 per cent and 5.09 per cent if they could be bought to-day at the bid price? And what would be the basis in each case?

In an address before the Bond Club of New York on Friday, September 26, Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan & Co., speaking of America's leadership, said in part as follows: "Looking at the financial situation, the change in America's trade and credit position has been revolutionary. Before the war America as a Nation owed abroad probably $5,000,000,000 on balance. Now foreign governments and peoples owe America, on balance, probably $10,000,000,000—a net change, you see, of $15,000,000,000. In the year ending June 30 last we exported goods valued at well over $7,000,000,000. Our imports were a trifle over $3,000,000,000. So the trade balance in our favor was well over $4,000,000,000, as contrasted with an annual trade balance prior to the war of something like $500,000,000—an eightfold increase. These figures are so gigantic that it is hard to comprehend them, and as yet we are entirely unprepared to cope with their consequences. Our only hope for handling this revolutionized situation is in the trained minds of our young men, who must study and solve the problem. From this time on our American youth must come out of high school and college so trained that they will, at any rate, know how to study and comprehend quickly something of all these questions of export trade, finance, foreign and domestic, railroading, manufacture, and, perhaps most important of all, the abstruse and involved problems of labor and capital.

"It is a trite thing for me to say that in the midst of this extraordinary world situation the opportunity for American leadership is unexampled, but it is so. We entered the war for high ends. It is equally our duty, with the same ideal aims in view, to end the war and to aid in the rebuilding of the world. I have little patience with the people who are urging us to get out of what they call the 'European mess' and to stay out. This country was in a mess once. During all the long years of the nineteenth century it was long of land and short of capital. We had to have capital to develop our farms and our railroads. The money that we secured for those purposes built up the country as it is to-day. Who lent us that money? England and France did. Can we forget this?

"The newer nationalities over there that we have helped create are looking to us for guidance and for leadership. Can we turn our backs upon them? Has America, in assisting in their problems, anything to fear—rich, prosperous America that has within herself all the resources and materials for abundant existence, that has enough and to spare, to lend to others? America's rôle, then, should be to undertake a leadership, and in such undertaking not to become obsessed with the idea that we are more righteous than the other man. I hear people say that America is the only unselfish nation on the earth; that our ideals are higher than those of other nations. That is a dangerous mood to fall into.

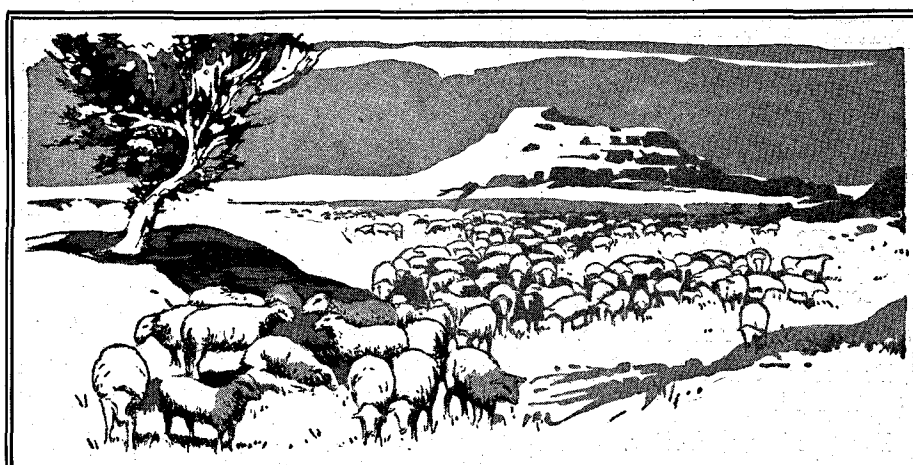
"Leadership calls for imagination, for a strong intellect in a strong body. And it calls for something more—for statesmanship. Statesmanship not only in politics and government, but statesmanship in business; commercial statesmanship that stands neither for charity nor for selfishness; statesmanship that stands on the axiom that the whole is greater than any part. The man who turns his back on Europe, either commercially or politically, on the plea that in giving aid he is but building up competition against himself, really doesn't see beyond the tip of his nose. This false sense of security will soon be shattered.

"On Saturday afternoon, on June 21, in Paris, I was in attendance upon a meeting of the Supreme Council. There was great tension, for the reason that the Germans had not yet stated whether they would or would not sign the Treaty. Late in the session an orderly slipped into the room and whispered a word to Mr. Clemenceau. Thereupon the aged Premier immediately arose, turned to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, and, with great solemnity, said: 'Sirs, I have the honor to inform you that Germany will sign the Treaty.' Then in a few moments the cannon, signaling the news to an expectant world, began to boom. Mr. Clemenceau turned to me and said: 'Ah, that is the sound that I have been waiting to hear for forty-eight years.'

"Why had Mr. Clemenceau, why had all France and the Allied nations, been waiting to hear that sound? Because it meant the death knell of oppression. It meant freedom of thought and mind. It spelled, through the League of Nations, an end to the slavery of the war. It promised liberty, progress.

"I hear from some of our statesmen the cry: 'America first!' Yes. But if she is to be truly first she must be so, not just in playing safe for herself.

"When I stopped in London on my way to the Peace Conference at Paris last January, I lunched with an old English merchant, wise and always a warm friend of our country. In reply to his question, I told him I was going to Paris determined to work for the interests of America. 'Ah, yes,' he re-



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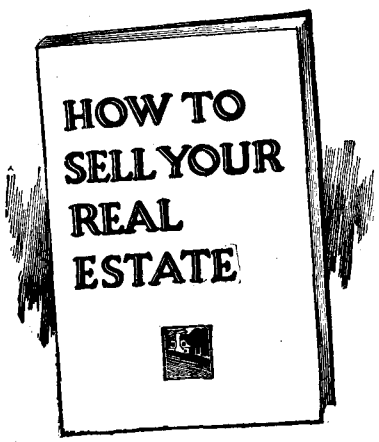

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Financial Department (Continued)

plied; 'but first you are going to serve the world. He who best serves the world serves best his native land.'

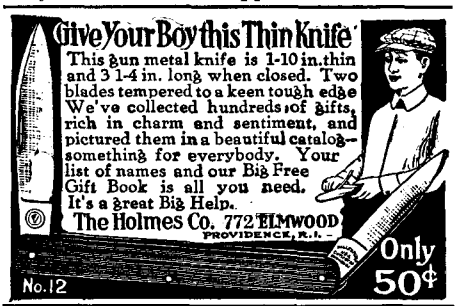
"And so, I say, America must be first in generous thought and in action; first in the confidence which she shows to her fellow-nations; first in the heart of all the world, by reason of her friendliness and helpfulness to the world."

ROBERT R. MOTON AND NEGRO LEADERSHIP

The Negroes of the Nation respect and honor their leaders who speak out fearlessly and constructively, not only in condemning all forms of economic and social injustice practiced by white people, but also in condemning all forms of narrowness or bitterness which are found among black people.

Those whites who are inclined to proceed on the assumption that the entire Negro race represents a "child" group need to realize that on account of the recent migration of half a million Negroes from the South, the world war, and other forces, including various propaganda agencies, Negroes in increasing numbers have come rather quickly to man's estate, and must be dealt with as mature, thoughtful, determined men and women.

The past five years in the life of American Negroes have opened up their world of thought probably more than the preceding fifty years. Negro leaders to-day are towers of strength, and should be more fully understood and appreciated than ever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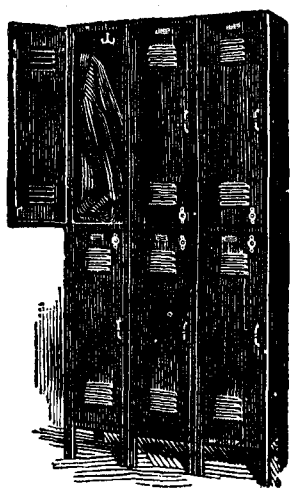

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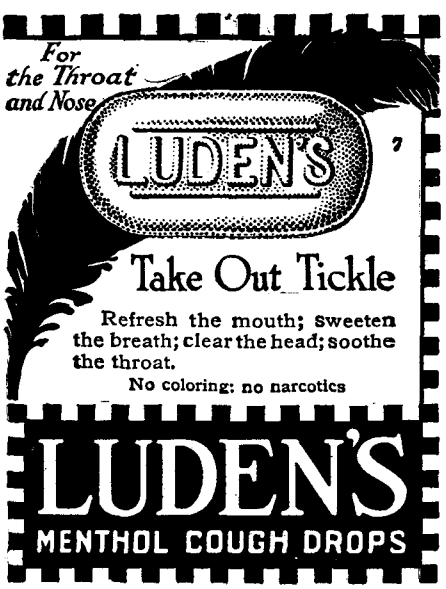
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LUDEN'S
Take Out Tickle
Refresh the mouth; sweeten the breath; clear the head; soothe the throat.
No coloring: no narcotics
LUDEN'S
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Robert R. Moton and Negro Leadership (Continued)

before. Dr. Robert R. Moton, Principal of Tuskegee Institute and worthy successor to the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, is such a race leader.

The thousand delegates from twenty-six States who recently came to St. Louis to attend the nineteenth annual meeting of the National Negro Business League, which was founded by Dr. Booker T. Washington in Boston, showed their racial wisdom and solidarity by electing Dr. Moton president of this powerful league of Negro business men and women—leaders who represent millions upon millions of invested dollars. These delegates greeted Dr. Moton's frank, forceful words with great enthusiasm. They also greatly appreciated his ability to secure many life memberships in the League. They took pardonable pride in the striking Christian personality of their great leader.

In supplementing his appeal to the League for its hearty financial and moral support of the Roosevelt Memorial Association campaign for five million dollars Dr. Moton said:

"I have absolutely no apology to offer for anything that I said or did while I was recently in France at the request of President Wilson and Secretary Baker to get the facts concerning Negro soldiers and to stop the ugly rumors if they were not true. I got the facts and I stopped the rumors. No one in America, white or black, needs to be ashamed of our Negro soldiers, either as to their valor, their courage, or their morality."

Cries of "Hear, hear!" "That's right!" "God bless you!" rang out sharp and clear in answer to Dr. Moton's refutation of the charge that Negro soldiers and Negro officers had failed overseas. The unequivocal words of a Negro leader brought new confidence and hope to a group of people who had already made wonderful advancement in spite of severe handicaps. Truth had made a successful assault on the evil "whispering galleries." Dr. Moton's fearlessness was fully appreciated by conservative colored business leaders.

The unanimous report of the Committee on Nominations—J. C. Napier, honorary president; R. R. Moton, president; Charles Banks, C. H. Brooks, F. R. Moore, R. R. Church, L. E. Williams, and J. M. Wright, vice-presidents; E. J. Scott, secretary; Charles H. Anderson, treasurer, etc.—which was accepted by acclamation, revealed clearly the wisdom of modern Negro business leaders who had succeeded in reconciling their individual preferences and in sinking their personal ambitions for the sake of presenting a solid racial front to the country in general and to over one hundred million whites in particular. Here was wisdom born of experience, and wisdom which means greater success in the future for all classes of Negroes.

A careful study of the League's "message to the country" reveals the determination of thoughtful Negroes that law and order must prevail; that mob violence must be stamped out; that black boys and girls throughout the Nation must have more and better schools; that the right of franchise must be exercised wisely to secure better civic conditions; and that "better health" must become a slogan for the Negro race and the entire Nation.

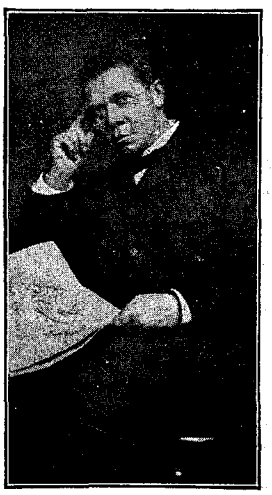
Dr. Moton wisely said: "Negroes do not ask for their race any special privileges. They simply ask for an equal chance in every human endeavor—no more and no less."

WILLIAM ANTHONY AERY.

Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

A Great Peacemaker

RAW MATERIAL



PRODUCT

At the forefront in these troubled times, facing a race antagonism of intense bitterness, with frequent ominous outbreaks of mob violence—a situation becoming daily graver and more tense, stands

The American Missionary Association

The Age-Long Friend of the Lowly and Oppressed

Over against the hatred, contempt, injustice, brutality, and cruelty of the day it sets the religion of Jesus Christ with love at its heart,—a religion which inevitably makes for the highest moral standards: for justice, fair play, sympathy, brotherly kindness, forbearance, and chivalry.

This great faith the Association expresses chiefly in the terms of *Christian Education.*

For more than half a century it has been deep in the task of training Negro youth for freedom and for citizenship. It is the founder of seven notable institutions—Fisk, Hampton, Atlanta, Talladega, Tougaloo, Straight, and Tillotson—and of scores of lesser schools. It is now sustaining wholly or in part five colleges for Negroes besides twenty-five secondary schools (normal, industrial, and agricultural) with a teaching force of about five hundred and with nine thousand pupils.

The Association has from the first been a *Teacher of Teachers* and a *Leader of Leaders.* Its graduates are to be found everywhere among the foremost men of the race.

While unsectarian, our schools are deeply Christian. They admit no shabby work, but insist upon high standards of scholarship in both teacher and pupil. They aim at symmetrical manhood, training head, hand, and heart together. To the development of the intellect they add the discipline of self-reliance, sincerity, industry, reverence, patriotism, fitness for life.

The communities in which our institutions stand are distinguished for morality, prosperity, high standards of living, and that self-respect which wins the respect of others. In almost every case they are marked by kindly neighborly relations between the races.

The Association asks its friends to support its earnest purpose,—

STEADILY to carry on our work in the face of advancing prices;

JUSTLY to increase the salaries of five hundred devoted missionary teachers;

PROMPTLY to repair or to replace outworn buildings and equipment;

BOLDLY to meet with new undertakings the challenge of the new day.

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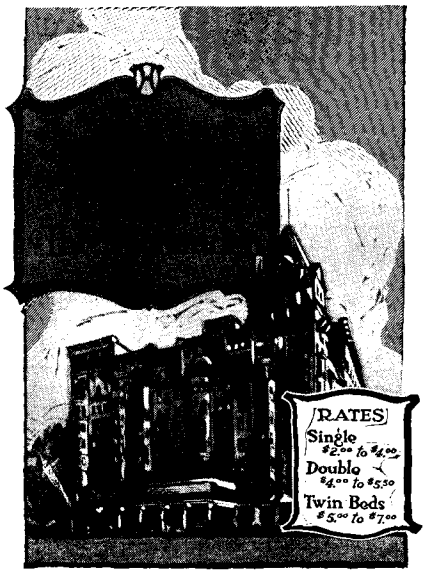

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The germs are killed by a chemical in water in the container. Empty once a month as easy as ashes. The original closet. Guaranteed. THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. Ask for catalog and price.

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Ask about Ro-San Washstand and Rolling Bath Tub. No Plumbing Required.

BY THE WAY

Under the heading "Each Member of the Family is Out on Strike," a New York daily cites a case where the working members of an entire family are on strike. Three of these are girls employed in the millinery trade; one of the male members of the family is a machinist, employed in one of the many factories in which the machinists' union is conducting individual shop strikes, and another is a jeweler, who is on strike for a thirty-nine-hour week. The jeweler said to a reporter who met him on the picket line, "It has become so that a worker blushes with shame upon admitting that he is at work now, when everybody, it seems, is a striker!" The sarcasm, alas! has point.

Readers who casually think of Japan as a semi-mediæval land will be enlightened, if not amazed, when they see "The Trans-Pacific," a new monthly periodical published in Tokyo by an American, Mr. B. W. Fleisher. On its first page the title appears in English, on the last in Japanese, and on turning the pages either forward or backward one finds articles in English and Japanese respectively, with half-tone illustrations, up-to-date typography, and all the ear-marks of a wide-awake American magazine. Scores of pages of advertising "hit" the American reader with such names as "Daiichi Ginko, Ltd., Bankers," "Masuda Trading Co.," "Asahi Glass Co.," "Nippon Electric Co.," etc. That such a periodical should be "made in Japan" will give the average American a new idea of the progress of the Island Empire.

A trespasser, it appears, was the cause of a serious train accident at Dunkirk, New York, not long ago. The signals denoting that a train was standing at the station were correctly set; an approaching express train endeavored to stop at the proper point; but a man who was stealing a ride between the tender and the baggage car had turned an angle cock behind the tender, supposing that by so doing he could stop the train at Dunkirk, where he lived. The closing of the cock, on the contrary, made it impossible to put on the brakes; a collision resulted, and the engineer and two other trainmen, eight passengers, and the trespasser himself, were killed.

Queer things get into the "Society Notes" of the local papers sometimes. Under the amusing heading "A Pleasant Time Was Had by All" the "Journal of the American Medical Association" reprints this item from the society column of the Kingston (Ill.) "Republican:" "Mrs. Guy Knappenberger, Mrs. Alfred Sexaner and Miss Violet Gustafson had their tonsils removed by Dr. Smith at DeKalb Monday."

"What kind of breakfast food have you?" the dyspeptic traveling salesman asked the rural New England waitress, as reported in the "Hardware World." "We've got all the reg'lar kinds," was the answer—"ham and eggs, fried steak, fried bacon, griddle cakes, doughnuts, and apple pie. What'll it be?"

In this age of specialization there is even a Car and Locomotive Painters' Convention. At a session of this convention a painter affirmed that most of the commercial paint used to-day is a poor article compared with good linseed oil paint. "When cars are turned out with two coats of commercial paint," he said, "in a few months

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